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PRINCETON

IN THE

SPANISH-AMERICAN

WAR

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GIFT
MR. WOODROW WILSON
NOV. 23, 1939

This record was prepared at the request of the Faculty of Princeton University, and published in accordance with the order of the Board of Trustees. Every effort has been made to secure accurate information, in fact, most of the letters received, have been published verbatim. Some alumni have not responded, in spite of repeated attempts to reach them, and the list of names does not therefore claim to be complete. Such as it is, however, it shows that a goodly number of Princeton men served their country in every department, whether on land or sea, and did so with credit to themselves and their Alma Mater.

WILLIAM LIBBEY.

PRINCETON, N. J., June, 1899.

RECORD OF PRINCETON MEN DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, 1898.

A. A. WOODHULL, M.D., '56,
Col. and Chief Surgeon, U. S. A.

I do not regard myself as a positive participant. The Surgeon-General did not appear to care to avail himself of me notwithstanding my expressed preparation for service, and I remained at Denver until about 20th July, when I was sent to inspect Camp Thomas (Chickamauga) and then to organize and command the Josiah Simpson General Hospital at Fort Monroe, Va.

Dr. Woodhull is now chief surgeon of the 8th Army Corps in Manila.

CALVIN DEWITT, M. D., '60,
Lt. Col., D. S. G., U. S. A.

When the war began I was Major and Surgeon U. S. S., and on duty as Post Surgeon at the Fort Monroe station. On June 29th, 1898, the U. S. A. General Hospital, Fort Monroe, Va., was established and in addition to my post duties I was placed in command of it. The hospital was composed almost entirely of tents and had 560 beds for patients; it was discontinued Nov. 27th, 1898, because of the cold weather.

On December 15th, 1898, I was promoted to Lt. Col. and Deputy Surgeon General, U. S. A.

EDWARD FIELD, '61,
Maj. U. S. Art.

At the time that the war with Spain began I was Inspector of Artillery of the Department of California, but upon the

departure of General Shafter for Cuba I assumed duties of Adjutant-General, and Judge-Advocate, in addition to my regular duties, and for nearly a month administered the routine affairs of the department, in the absence of Brigadier-General Merriam, who remained in the Department of Columbia to expedite the departure of Washington and Oregon troops. My work embraced the camping and distribution of the volunteer troops which were arriving almost daily. When General Merriam arrived I continued to act as Adjutant-General upon his staff. My duties were still further complicated by a detail from the War Department as Acting Inspector-General in the absence of General Lawton. Finding it impossible to combine all these functions, I was relieved as Adjutant-General by Lieutenant Bennett, of General Merriam's staff. My work as Inspector-General has been quite arduous, owing to the number of troops present and the quantity of arms and stores requiring inspection and condemnation. I condemned over \$70,000 worth of property and inspected money accounts to the extent of several millions. During this period I have inspected the University of California twice, and the posts in the department, including the new post of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. I asked the Department Commander for an opportunity to go to the front, but was told that my services here were indispensable to him, owing to previous service in the department and familiarity with its conditions.

My son, Robert Field, is First Lieutenant in the Fourteenth Infantry, and has been on active service ever since he reached Manila. Coming from special service in Alaska, he sailed on the 15th of July for Manila. While in San Francisco he was assigned to recruit and command one of the skeleton companies, which he formed into one of the finest companies in the regiment, quite a large proportion being young men from the Universities. The regiment went upon out-post duty almost immediately upon their arrival at Manila. He

participated with much credit in the battles of February 4th and 5th, when the insurgents attacked the United States troops. A portion of the regiment containing his company was under General Lawton's command during the taking of Santa Cruz and other points. He was the only officer with his company, and the acting Colonel of the regiment specially praised his services.

He has earned the respect of all his superiors, as well as the highest regard of those under his command.

WILLIAM A. RAFFERTY, '61,
Lieut.-Col. Second U. S. Cav.

Being stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, at the beginning of the Spanish war, in command of his squadron of the Second Cavalry, was ordered to Chickamauga Park, Georgia, with the squadron, and arrived at that place April 22nd, 1898, and remained there till May 12th, when his regiment was ordered to Mobile, Alabama. On June 4th left Mobile by steamers or transports for Tampa, Florida, arriving there June 7th, and remained on board with men and horses till June 14th, when he sailed with the 5th Army Corps, General Shafter's, for Santiago de Cuba. Disembarked at Daiquiri, Cuba, June 22nd, 1898, and with his squadron participated in the campaign against Santiago and the Spanish army. Remained in Cuba till August 28th, when he was ordered to embark with his squadron for Montauk Point, Long Island, arriving there August 29th in the U. S. transport Minnewaska. Sick in Cuba of fever July 8th to 18th. On leave of absence on account of sickness contracted in Cuba, from September 4th to November 24th, 1898. In Cuba he commanded the only squadron that took their horses with them into Cuba.

N. F. STAHL, '69,
Chaplain U. S. Vols.

RANDALL P. HOES, '71,
Chaplain U. S. N.

Served in the Iowa at the battle of Santiago.

WILLIAM P. LANE, '72,
Col. 1st. Md. Vol. Inf.

Monday, April 25th, 1898, went into camp at Pimlico, Md., in accordance with orders received on the preceding Saturday, from the Governor of the State. May 15, 1898, resigned my commission as Colonel of First Regiment, I. F. N. G., in order to accept commission of Lieutenant-Colonel in U. S. Volunteer service. And on May 17th was commissioned and mustered in as Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the two battalions which then formed the 1st Md. U. S. V. Infantry, and to which the allotment under the State's quota restricted us. We were assigned to the Department of the East, and, under orders from those headquarters, proceeded to Fort Monroe, Va., May 25th, for duty there. Was in command of the Post at Fort Monroe from June 27th, when Brigadier-General Hasbrouck left to take command of a brigade of volunteers in Florida, until September 8th, when we were assigned to the Second Army Corps. July 7th I was commissioned Colonel of the regiment, which was then filled by the addition of the Third Battalion, under the second call of the President. September 8th, reported with regiment to Major-General Graham, at Camp Meade, Pa., and by him assigned to the First Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps. November 11th, 1898, left Camp Meade and went into winter camp at Augusta, Ga., and there mustered out of the service on February 28, 1899.

R. W. JOHNSON, M. D., '76,
Capt. and Asst. Surg. U. S. A.

I was in command of the First Division Hospital, Fifth Corps, during and after the battle of Santiago, and remained

on duty in that city after the cessation of hostilities, until September, 1898, when I was ordered back to the United States, where I have since been on duty as Attending Surgeon and examiner of recruits, at Chicago, Ill.

C. H. HUNTER, EX '78,
First Lieut. 1st Art.

I left West Point under orders for Cuba, but was not relieved from duty at West Point in time to reach Tampa soon enough to join General Shafter's expedition; and I remained until July 13th as ordnance officer at the Siege Artillery camp, when I left with Battery B, Fifth U. S. Artillery, under orders for Santiago.

Upon arrival, our destination was changed from Cuba to Porto Rico, and we formed part of General Miles' expedition.

We arrived at Guanica, marched to Ponce, and remained near that place until peace was assured. I was then ordered back to the Military Academy.

PHILLIP H. FRASER, '79,
71st N. Y. Vol. Inf.

Enlisted in the 71st Regt. N. Y. N. G., April 28th, 1898. Went to Camp Black at Hempstead, May 2nd, 1898. Mustered into U. S. service for term of the Spanish-American war on May 13th. Encamped at Lakeland, Fla., the last of May, and at Tampa, Fla. the first week in June. Left Tampa aboard U. S. transport No. 23, S. S. Vigilancia, on June 14th.

Arrived off Santiago harbor, June 29th, and landed at Siboney, June 24th. Followed the "Rough Riders" towards Las Guasimas, but did not arrive in time for the fight. Broke camp at Siboney the 27th, marching to Seville, thence the second battalion went to Seville Heights for outpost duty until June 30th. We rejoined the regiment on this day at 5 P. M. On July 1st, at 4 A. M., we started on march towards El Poso and San Juan Hill. Marched up latter under fire

about noon. Again under fire during Spanish night attack, July 2-3. In the trenches at San Juan Hill, until July 8th, when the investing line of Americans having been extended westward, the 71st Regt. was assigned a position on Santiago Heights, within a thousand yards of the Spanish intrenchments where we were again under fire on July 11th. Remained in camp there until August 9th, when the Regt. marched into Santiago City and embarked with the 16th U. S. Inf. on U. S. transport "La Grand Duchesse." Left Santiago August 11th, and arrived at Montauk Point, August 15th. Landed and went to detention camp, August 17th. Transferred to open camp, August 22nd, and given sick leave on August 24th.

Was mustered out of U. S. service at New York on November 16th, 1898.

FRANK H. LORD, '79,
Capt. S. C. Vols.

Was commissioned as Captain and Commissary of Subsistence of Volunteers, May 12th, 1898; accepted his commission May 12th, 1898. On June 9th he was assigned to duty with the 5th Army Corps (General Shafter's); was assigned to duty at headquarters of the 1st Division (General Kent's) and sailed on the transport "Santiago" for Cuba, June 13th.

The "Santiago" was one of the three transports which, on arriving at Daiquiri, were detailed to make a "diversion" off Santiago, and was one of the three transports, which were the only ones, under fire during the war, they being fired upon by the Punta Gorda battery while engaged in this manoeuvre.

Captain Lord landed at Siboney on June 26th. As the 1st Division had a Commissary from the regular army, he was detached and left as Acting Assistant Depot Commissary at Siboney. He organized a gang of Cubans, and it was his duty to land and store the supplies as fast as the transports were unloaded.

On July 17th and 19th he acted as interpreter (being familiar with the Spanish language) inside the Spanish lines at Aguadores. The regular Depot Commissary being shortly thereafter taken down with yellow fever, and the Chief Commissary having gone to Santiago after the capitulation of the city, he was left in sole charge of the depot, and superintended on the 23rd of July the shipment of all the army stores, together with the post office, to Santiago.

From July 24th to 31st he was Acting Assistant Depot Commissary at Santiago; and from July 1st to August 24th was Acting Chief Commissary of the 1st Division at Camp Wikoff, having returned from Santiago on the "St. Paul."

Immediately after his return North he was taken sick with the usual Cuban malarial fever, but he has recovered, and expects shortly to be assigned to duty under General Wood at Santiago.

For his devotion to duty and activity and energy in sending forward supplies while at Siboney, he was specially complimented by his superior officer, Major D. B. Wilson, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.

JOHN MCG. WOODBURY, M.D., '79,
Chief Surgeon and Major, U. S. V.

June 30th received commission as Chief Surgeon with rank of Major, U. S. V. Also orders to report to the General commanding Camp George H. Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga. July 4th, 1898, reported to Major-General Brooke and was assigned by Special Order No. 17, dated Headquarters 1st Army Corps and Department of the Gulf, to the 1st Division 1st Army Corps as Acting Chief Surgeon, and reported to Major-General James H. Wilson, commanding. Immediately entered upon the duties of Chief Surgeon of the 1st Division, 1st Army Corps.

Headquarters of the 1st Division, 1st Army Corps, Porto Ponce, Porto Rico, August 31, 1898. I have the honor to

report that I am now on duty as Acting Chief Surgeon 6th Army Corps and as Sanitary Inspector the Island of Porto Rico, Special Field Order No. 8, dated July 28th, Headquarters of the Army in the Field. And as Chief Surgeon of the Army in the Field by a Special Field Order No. 31, Headquarters of the Army, August 22, 1898.

I have the honor to report that upon September 1, 1898, I was serving in Ponce, Porto Rico, as Acting Chief Surgeon of the Army in the Field in compliance with Special Field Order No. 31, part 7, dated Headquarters of the Army, Port of Ponce, Porto Rico, August 28, 1898, and continued to serve in this capacity until September 15, 1898, when, by command of Major-General J. H. Wilson, I sailed for New York on transport "Concho," arriving September 23, 1898, and proceeded to my home.

Upon October 18, 1898, I tendered my resignation of my commission of Chief Surgeon and Major, U. S. V., and by Special Order No. 256, by direction of the President, I was honorably discharged from the service of the U. S. to take effect December 27, 1898.

This is a complete record of my official orders, as they show I entered upon my duties on June 30th, and served at Camp George H. Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga., until July 5th, when I was ordered to Charleston, S. C., with the 1st Division of the 1st Army Corps. Was there engaged in fitting out and equipping transport "Rita," and sailed from Charleston in transport "Obdam," July 20. Arrived in Ponce, Porto Rico, July 26th, and was immediately made Sanitary Inspector of the island. Served in that capacity until August 22d, when I succeeded Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, becoming Acting Chief Surgeon of the Army in the Field. Continued in this duty until September 15th, when I was returned to the United States. Forwarded my resignation upon October 18th, which was accepted to take effect on December 27th. I received the honor of a recommendation for promotion for dis-

tinguished conduct and gallantry in action in the affair of Aibonito and the battle of Coamo, being engaged in removing our wounded while under fire.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SURGEON, PORT PRINCE, PORTO RICO.

AUGUST 22, 1898.

To the Adjutant General, Headquarters of the Army:

SIR:—I have the honor to recommend to the Major General commanding, the promotion of Major J. McG. Woodbury, Chief Surgeon, First Division, First Army Corps, to the first vacancy that may occur in the grade of Lieutenant Colonel and Corps Chief Surgeon. Major Woodbury has distinguished himself in this campaign by the ability with which he has discharged his duties. He possesses fine executive ability and excellent professional capacity, and particularly distinguished himself in an action at Coamo and at Asomante by his personal care of the wounded under fire.

Very Respectfully,

(Signed) CHAS. R. GREENLEAF,
Col. Chief Surgeon Army.

FIRST ENDORSEMENT.

I heartily concur in the foregoing. Major has fully won his promotion, not only by his general and regular service, but by his personal gallantry under fire with me and as a member of my staff.

(Signed) JAMES H. WILSON,
Maj. Gen'l Vols.

SECOND ENDORSEMENT.

Approved,

Cordially endorsed,

NELSON A. MILES,
Maj. Gen'l Commanding U. S. A.

H. K. DEVEREUX, '80,

Second Lieut., First U. S. V. Cav.

I enlisted as a trooper in the 1st U. S. V. Cavalry on May 5th, 1898.

Was made a Sergeant on May 11th, 1898.

Was appointed 2d Lieut. of Troop K, on May 21st, 1898.

Landed in Cuba June 22d, 1898. Was in the battle of Guasimas, June 24th, 1898.

Was wounded in left forearm at the battle of Santiago, July 1st, 1898.

Was mustered out of the service Sept. 15th, 1898.

ALEXANDER B. DUNCAN, '80,

Red Cross Advisory Board.

Sailed on the "Relief" for Cuba, but were detained at Tampa, because of the action of the Spanish authorities, in refusing them permission to land—at any Cuban port. After the war was over he took part in the relief work of the Red Cross in Havana and suffered an attack of sunstroke as the result of exposure.

STUART BROWN, '81,

Adjt. 5th Ill. Vol. Inf.

When I returned from college in 1881, I became interested in the National Guard, and was in 1882 elected an officer of Illinois N. G. As my business increased I found it necessary to resign my office.

When there was prospect of a war with Spain I could not feel easy at the idea of having been a play soldier in piping times of peace and refusing to go when there was danger. I offered my services to the Adjutant General of Illinois.

When war broke out there was one vacancy in the Illinois Guard, the adjutancy of the 5th Illinois Infantry. This was tendered to me, and against the remonstrance of my wife

and friends I accepted it. I was appointed captain and adjutant 5th Illinois Infantry on April 25th, was mustered into the service of the United States with the same rank on May 7th, 1898.

On May 14th we were ordered to Camp Geo. H. Thomas, Lytle, Ga., and reached that place on May 16th, 1898. There we remained until August 2d, 1898, undergoing the discomforts and labor incident to a camp of instruction and discipline. August 2d we were ordered to Puerto Rico by way of Newport News, Va. At Newport News we awaited the arrival of a transport, and were finally ordered aboard S. S. Obdam. We loaded all our impedimenta and men, and slept one night on the boat, expecting to sail the next morning, when we were ordered to go back to camp, as the peace protocol had been signed.

After a few days more of waiting at Newport News, we were sent back to Lexington, Ky., and there heard we would be mustered out in a few days. My family and business now imperatively demanded my return. On August 21st, 1898, I resigned. It was accepted on the 25th, and I returned to my home about a week earlier than my regiment.

This is the history in brief of my bloodless campaign. My wife, I firmly believe, thinks I would have displayed more courage by staying at home. My friends speak of my "summer vacation." I say nothing, and am not even a candidate for office.

The one consolation I get out of it all is the knowledge that I was willing to venture, and this is shared by a million others more capable than myself, who did not even have an opportunity.

J. SPENCER VOORHEES, '81,
Chaplain 3d Conn. Vol. Inf.

April 25th I was appointed Chaplain of the First Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers. April 26th I resigned, that the former Chaplain might be reinstated.

June 24th, Gov. Lorrin A. Cook appointed me Chaplain of the Third Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, and I reported for duty at Camp Haven, Conn., on the same day.

The camp was a delightful place to spend the summer, nearly surrounded by the sea. The regiment was given vigorous drills, and put under thorough military discipline, and the making of good soldiers from the raw material was a rapid and marvelous success.

Sept. 9th, by order of the War Department, we were transported to Camp Meade, Pa., and brigaded, and belong now to the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 2d Army Corps. Here the cold nights brought a great deal of suffering to the soldiers. After four days in Camp Meade I was sent home with typhoid fever, and was absent on sick leave for ten weeks. Five weeks fever reduced me in weight at the rate of a pound and a half a day. During the following five weeks of recuperation I regained my weight at the rate of a pound a day.

Nov. 15th, by order of the War Department, our brigade was transported to this camp—Camp Marion, S. C. The location is in an extensive pine forest, a sufficient space being cleared for the encampment of our brigade. The position is an elevated one, surrounded by marshes. The soil is of sand and the camp is apparently healthful. Here we are looking forward to going to Cuba, being designated for Havana.

It has been a great disappointment to our men not to have had an opportunity at the front, still they are patriotic enough to be willing to serve our country in the more arduous and distasteful service now necessary in our new territory.

A. S. BICKHAM, '82.

Captain and Quartermaster U. S. A.

About one year ago he received his commission as Captain and Quartermaster and reported at Chickamauga about

June 1st for duty. He was shifted over the southern camps till about the first of April, when General Ludington ordered him to Manila. He sailed from San Francisco and touched at Honolulu where he posted letters, since then nothing. His record was such as to call forth much commendation. His health has been superb throughout. His old football days stand him in good stead.

OGDEN RAFFERTY, M.D., '82,
Brigade Surg. and Maj., U. S. A.

I was on duty at Willetts Point, N. Y., as an Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Army till June 7th, 1898, when I started for Key West, Florida, for duty in the U. S. General Hospital that had just been started at that place. On June 8th, 1898, I was taken from the train by verbal orders from the Surgeon General, U. S. A., and assigned to duty as Assistant to the Chief Surgeon of the 2d Army Corps, at Camp Russell A. Alger, Falls Church, Va.

On June 19th a commission as Major and Brigade Surgeon, U. S. Vol. reached me, and was accepted.

On June 21st I reported to General H. M. Duffield for duty with his command, and left Camp Alger, Va., June 22d, for Siboney, Cuba, via Dunn Loring, Alexandria, Ft. Monroe, Va., and the U. S. Auxiliary Cruiser Yale. We arrived at Siboney, Cuba, on June 26th, and by General Shafter's order reported to the Chief Surgeon of the 5th Army Corps for duty. On June 28th I was assigned to duty by the Chief Surgeon as recipient and forwarder of all medical supplies landing from the transports.

On July 2d, 3d and 4th I was on duty in the operating ward of the General Hospital at Siboney by the request of Major La Garde, Surgeon, U. S. A.

On July 6th, in accordance with a telephone message, I boarded and took charge of the U. S. Transport Cherokee,

with 325 wounded men and officers, and landed her at Port Tampa, Florida, on July 10th, without the loss of a single man.

While waiting for the transport to reload with supplies and reinforcements at Port Tampa, I was ordered by telegraph to report to the Surgeon General at his office in Washington, D. C.

On July 23d, 1898, was ordered to Fort Hamilton, N. Y., to receive and take charge of sick from the transport Seneca, and afterwards to establish and run a 500 bed tent hospital, for the reception of the sick returning from Cuba. Having completed this latter work on October 31st, 1898, I was ordered back to my original station, Willetts Point, N. Y.

J. M. T. FINNEY, M. D., '84,
Brig. Surg., Md. N. G.

I am afraid I cannot pose as a war hero. My only connection with the military was in the capacity of brigade surgeon to the militia of the State of Maryland. I did not get further than the camp of instruction.

S. JOHNSON POE, '84,
First Lieut. and Adjt. 5th Regt., Md. U. S. Vol. Inf.

At the time of the declaration of war against Spain I was a 1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant of the 3d Battalion, 5th Regiment Infantry, Maryland National Guard. On the 25th day of April the regiment went into camp at Pimlico, Maryland, and on the 14th day of May, 1898, was mustered into the service of the United States, with fifty officers and 935 enlisted men. I held the position of 1st Lieut. and Regimental Adjutant of this regiment, which was then called the 5th Maryland U. S. Volunteers (I. M. N. G.), and on the 19th day of May we left Pimlico, Md., for Chickamauga, Ga., where we arrived on the 21st, and went into camp. The regiment was assigned to the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 3d Army Corps. We remained in camp there until the 2d day of June, when

we received orders to go to Tampa, Fla., and be ready to embark for Cuba from that point. We arrived at Tampa on June 5th, and were assigned to 1st Brigade, Provisional Division, 5th Army Corps, but owing to the insufficient number of transports did not get off on first expedition to Santiago. We remained at Tampa until the 11th day of August, being always under orders to go to the front, receiving orders both for the second expedition to Santiago, and also to Porto Rico, but for reasons unknown we never were able to embark for either place. On the 18th of August we left Tampa for Huntsville, Ala., where we arrived on the 20th, and remained there until the 5th day of September, when we left for Baltimore, arriving there on September 7th, and were given furloughs for one month, and on the 22d day of October, 1898, were mustered out of the service of the United States. While in Tampa about the 14th day of June we were assigned to the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 4th Army Corps.

WILLIAM DUFFIELD BELL, M.D., '85,
Surg. and Maj., 71st N. Y. Vol.

Being a member of the 71st Regiment, National Guard, New York, and holding a commission as Captain and Assistant Surgeon, when the war broke out I immediately volunteered for service with my regiment. On May 2nd, 1898, the regiment left New York City for Camp Black, near Hempstead, N. Y., where on the 4th day of May, 1898, I was mustered into the service as Major and Surgeon of the regiment that was accepted by the government as the 71st Regiment, New York Volunteers. I believe I was the first man accepted and mustered into the service of the United States from New York State. I served with the regiment as Major and Surgeon from the time it was mustered in, May 10th, 1898 (wherever it served—at Camp Black, New York, en route to Lakeland, Florida, at Lakeland and Tampa, Florida, and in the expedition against Santiago, Cuba). I was with it throughout

the whole Santiago Campaign, being present with it at the battles of Las Guasimas, fought with Spanish forces June 24th, 1898. In camp with it at Siboney and Sevilla, and on the morning of July 1st, 1898, marched with it to take part in the bloody three days' battle of San Juan Hills. Was present at the siege of Santiago and the bombardment of July 10th and 11th, and witnessed the surrender of the city, July 17th, 1898. I served through the terrible days of the epidemic of yellow fever and malarial fevers that followed the surrender, until the final return of the regiment to the United States, landing at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, N. Y., August 19th, 1898, and remained with it until after its triumphal return to New York City, when the regiment was furloughed August 29th, 1898, for sixty days, to be finally mustered out this month, November, 1898.

CHARLES H. SMITH, Ex-'85,
Sergt. First Troop Phila. City Cav.

Previous to the war he had served in the City Troop for six years, and was an active member of that body when the war broke out. He enlisted with the Troop and served with them in Porto Rico.

HENRY H. THORP, M.D., Ex-'85,
1st U. S. Vol. Cav.

Private in "Rough Riders" (Cavalry). Was with his regiment from time of muster in to end of its service at Montauk, N. Y., September, 1898. Was present with his regiment at battles of Las Guasimas and San Juan, and the bombardment and siege of Santiago; was distinguished for gallantry and recommended for a commission.

ROBERT B. BOWIE, '86,
Capt. 5th Md. Vol. Inf.

I was Captain of Company A, 5th Md. Regt. U. S. Vol.

Inf. Was mustered into the service of the United States May 14th, 1898.

May 21st, 1898, was at Chickamauga, assigned to 1st Div. 3rd Army Corps; General Brooke. June 5th, 1898, was at Tampa, Fla., assigned to Provisional Division, 5th Army Corps; General Shafter. We remained at Tampa when Cuba was invaded. Our Field and Staff officers' horses came near going to Cuba, but we did not.

The transport "Florida," upon which the horses were, collided in getting out of port, and consequently got back to Tampa and their owners.

The regiment left Tampa August 18th, and arrived at Huntsville, Ala., August 21st. Assigned to the 2nd Div., 4th Army Corps; General Coppinger.

We left Huntsville September 5th, 1898, ordered to Baltimore to be mustered out, which happened October 22nd, 1898.

The 5th Regiment, U. S. Vols., comprised twelve companies of 106 men each. We left our armory to go into camp preparatory to volunteering April 25th, 1898. From April 25th, 1898, to October 22nd, 1898, we lost twenty-one men, eighteen deaths from typhoid fever, one from dysentery and two accidental (one drowned, one shot). We were among the very first of the National Guard to volunteer, and were sent from Chickamauga on the first call for the fight, best equipped and prepared for service. Why we never got farther than Tampa my superiors can better tell you.

During the campaign we were in three Army Corps, and brigaded with the 14th N. Y., 2nd Mo., 2nd N. Y., 1st Dist. Guard, 2nd Ga. and 1st Fla., and 3d Pa. Regiments.

CHARLES E. HAYS, '86,

Second Lieut. 18th U. S. Inf.

CLINTON L. RIGGS, '87,
Maj. 5th Md. U. S. Vol.

I entered the service of the United States Government as Major of the 5th Maryland U. S. Volunteers. This Regiment had previously been a part of the Maryland National Guard, in which I had held the rank of Major for several years. I was with the Regiment until recently mustered out with the rest of the command. We went from Pimlico to Chickamauga, thence to Tampa, Florida, and then to Huntsville, Ala., and back to Baltimore, where we were mustered out.

J. R. CHURCH, M.D., '88,
Surg. and Maj. 1st U. S. Vol. Cav.

We take this notice of him from Richard Harding Davis' article in the September *Scribner's*, entitled "The Rough Riders Fight at Guasimas":

"A tall, gaunt, young man, with a cross on his arm, was just coming back up the trail. His head was bent, and by some surgeon's trick he was advancing rapidly with great strides and at the same time carrying a wounded man much heavier, than himself across the shoulders. As I stepped out of the trail he raised his head and smiled and nodded, and left me wondering where I had seen him before smiling in the same cheering, confident way, and moving in that same position. I knew it could not have been under the same conditions, and yet he was certainly associated with another time of excitement and rush and heat, and then I remembered him. He had been covered with blood and dirt and perspiration as he was now, only then he wore a canvas jacket and the man he carried on his shoulders was trying to hold him back from a whitewashed line. And I recognized the young doctor with the blood bathing his breeches as "Bob" Church, of Princeton. That was only one of four badly wounded men he carried on his shoulders that day, over a half mile of trail that stretched from the firing line back to the dressing station,

under an unceasing fire. And as the senior surgeon was absent he had chief responsibility that day for all the wounded, and that so few of them died is greatly due to this young man who went down into the fighting line and pulled them from it, and bore them out of danger."

In recognition of his valiant conduct in this campaign, Dr. Church has been recently promoted to be surgeon, with the rank of major.

WM. W. HARTS, EX '88,

Maj. U. S. Vol. and Capt. U. S. Eng.

In April, 1898, I was ordered to Willetts Point, New York Harbor, and attached to the Battalion of Engineer troops, and under orders to be ready for duty in Cuba with the army of invasion. Before orders were received to depart, I was detached and ordered to St. Augustine, Fla., where I reported to Colonel Wm. H. H. Benjamin, Corps of Engineers, who assigned me to the charge of the defensive operations at Jacksonville and Tampa Bay. These operations consisted in the construction of batteries for large and medium caliber guns, at each locality, and the planting of submarine mines. While engaged in this latter work, in the St. John's river, just as the work was nearing completion, I was injured, June 10th, 1898, by the premature explosion of a part of a mine, in which accident two men unfortunately lost their lives, almost within arm's length. At present I am on sick leave of absence, recovering from my wounds received at that time.

I am now under orders to proceed to Portland, Oregon, and assume charge of certain river and harbor works in that locality.

In July, 1898, I was promoted to Major of Volunteers, which rank I still hold. My rank in the Regulars is 1st Lieut., but I am under orders to be examined for promotion to Captaincy in the Regular establishment.

BASIL N. RICKETTS, Ex '89,
Serg. 1st U. S. Vol. Cav.

Was severely wounded in the great fight of the Rough Riders and invalided home.

J. CONDIT SMITH, Ex '89,
 — *Vol. Art.*

Enlisted in a battery from one of the Western States, and saw service in Cuba and Porto Rico.

CHARLES G. BICKHAM, '90.
Captain Ninth Immunes.

He enlisted as a private in the National Guard the day war was declared and went into camp at Columbus, Ohio, thence to Tampa. Their regiment was ordered aboard the transport rammed and sunk by the Miami. This only kept the boys out of the battle of Santiago. In time he became a corporal. In August he was ordered to report at New Orleans. There he found a Captain's commission awaiting him and since then he has been Captain of Co. M., Ninth Immunes. He started for Santiago August 17th, and remained in camp with fever till sent home sick, having lost some forty pounds. He returned to his company which came home to Camp Meade a few weeks ago, where he now is (May 20, 1899), and where he will be mustered out next month.

J. E. FARNUM, '90,
First Troop Phila. City Cav.

Was with the City Troop at first, but was afterward given an appointment as Assistant Quartermaster, with the rank of captain.

REGINALD K. SHOBER, '90,
First Troop Phila. City Cav.

When the war broke out last April I joined the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry. We were called out by

the Governor of Pennsylvania on April 28th, and were mobilized with the State Guard at Mount Gretna, Pa. After entering the services of the government we were sent to Camp Alger, Falls Church, Va.

From there we were ordered to Newport News, where we were in camp a few days before embarking for Porto Rico on the transport Massachusetts. Our campaign on the island was an extremely interesting experience. The hardships are fading away as time goes on, and one begins only to think of the privilege it was to have been able, even in a small way, to have served one's country in such times, and to have helped to hold up the proud record of such a distinguished command.

ALEXANDER NIXON BODINE, EX-'90,
Battery A., Pa. Vol. Art.

This was the first organization from Pennsylvania mustered into U. S. service, at Mt. Gretna, May 6th, 1898. Mustered out November 19th, 1898, at Philadelphia.

Served at Sub-Post Fortress Monroe, Newport News, Va.
Sailed for Porto Rico Aug. 5th.

Stationed at Port of Ponce, and a few miles out of Ponce, Porto Rico.

Embarked for America Sept. 3rd.

Landed at Jersey City Sept. 10th.

Received a two months' furlough. I was with the Battery the entire time.

ISAAC B. SMITH, EX-'90,
— *Iowa Vol. Inf.*

He enlisted with an Iowa infantry regiment. Very early in the war he was appointed a paymaster in the navy, with the rank of ensign. He was on one of the smaller boats off the Florida coast until hostilities ceased.

S. HARBOURNE BALDWIN, M. D., '91,
Asst. Surg. and First Lieut. 1st N. J. Vols.

I have been a member of the First Regiment N. J., since February 4, '95, when I was commissioned a First Lieutenant and Assistant Surgeon.

The order calling our regiment out was issued April 27th, and on May 2d we left Newark for Sea Girt.

On the 3d I was mustered into the government service. Major Allers, surgeon of the regiment, was the first volunteer from New Jersey to be mustered in, and I the second. This was done at once in order that we, as government surgeons, could make the physical examinations of the recruits. We examined the First, Second and Third Jersey Regiments.

After remaining at Sea Girt three weeks, the regiment was ordered to Camp Alger, Virginia. There we stayed until ordered home, although we changed the position of our camp three times. During this period orders were received sending us to the front more than once, but were always countermanded at the last moment.

Though typhoid fever cut a big path through the army of 25,000 men, we were very fortunate in losing but eight men in the six months' service. In fact, we had the record of being one of the healthiest regiments, if not the healthiest, in that camp.

When hostilities ceased, Governor Voorhees exerted himself to secure the mustering out of the Jersey boys, and consequently we were expecting orders to move home any day.

Instead we were ordered to Middletown. All our baggage was on the cars, in fact, everything excepting ourselves, when the Governor drove into our little deserted village. He was surprised, as he had been at the War Department all the previous day, and they had assured him that no Jersey regiment would be moved for three days, and had also promised him that he could name any one Jersey regiment for muster out.

But the Governor was equal to the occasion, and immediately telegraphed to Washington that he named the First New Jersey for muster out. Orders were changed by telegraph, and the same cars that were to take us to Middletown brought us to Sea Girt.

We were mustered out November 4th.

ERSKINE HEWITT, '91,
Staff Officer, Porto Rico.

H. PAGE, JR., '91,
Surgeon, U. S. A., Manila.

GEORGE H. SHIELDS, JR., '91,
Second Lieut. 12th U. S. Inf.

Prior to the Spanish-American War I was a member of Light Battery "A," National Guard of Mo. At the first call for volunteers this organization volunteered in a body, and I was mustered into the service of the United States as a Corporal.

After spending two weeks at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., the Battery was ordered to Chickamauga Park, Ga., where two months were spent in camp and field manœuvres. Then the Battery was assigned to the Artillery Battalion under Maj. Geo. B. Rodney, and was ordered to form a part of the Puerto Rican expedition under Gen. Brooke.

The voyage to Puerto Rico was comparatively uneventful and the Battery was landed at Arroyo, on the southern coast, and remained on the Island about five weeks, but was not in any engagement. On one occasion, however, we were in position, had our guns loaded and were awaiting the command to fire, when a courier brought the news of the signing of the Protocol.

While in Puerto Rico I was examined for a Commission in the Regular Army and passed successfully, and on my return to the United States received my commission and was assigned to the 12th Infantry.

C. E. BABCOCK, EX-91,

Second Lieut. 12th U. S. Inf.

I enlisted May 13th, at San Antonio, Texas, as a private in the First U. S. V. Cavalry (or better known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders). I served in this capacity until September 1st, when I received promotion as Second Lieutenant in the Twelfth U. S. Infantry. My record as a soldier I herewith copy from my discharge paper, as follows:

"Campbell E. Babcock, private of Troop K, is hereby discharged from the service of the United States, by reason of his appointment as second lieutenant in the Twelfth U. S. Infantry. In battles, engagements, skirmishes and expeditions: Las Guasimas, San Juan Hill, engagements and skirmishes before Santiago; first expedition to Cuba. Service: honorable and trustworthy; was attached to rapid fire gun detachment, and saw severe service in the trenches. Was attached to regimental hospital (after the fall of Santiago). Released from service in hospital upon landing in United States.

"(Signed) WOODBURY KANE, *Capt.*"

"Behaved with marked gallantry in action on two or three occasions while under my personal observation.

"(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

"Col. 1st U. S. V. Cavalry."

My regiment is now stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, where I expect to join them as soon as I recover from fever contracted in Cuba.

By order of my commander, Col. Humphreys, I was placed in command of Company E, owing to the fact that my superior officers were wounded and killed in Cuba.

WALTER S. CASH, EX-91,

First U. S. Vol. Cav.

Was a member of Troop K of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and was wounded July 1st, at the battle of San Juan Hill.

CLARENCE A. McWILLIAMS, M. D., '92.

First Lieut. and Acting Asst. Surg.

I served from August 10th to October 11th, 1898, on the U. S. A. hospital ship "Relief" in the capacity of Acting Assistant Surgeon, with the rank of First Lieutenant. During this time we made trips between Porto Rico and the northern ports in the United States, conveying the sick from Porto Rico. We also acted as an ambulance ship to convey the sick from Montauk Point to Boston and Philadelphia at the time when the authorities were hurrying the sick away from Montauk as fast as possible.

PETER VREDENBURGH, '92,

Capt. 3d N. J. Vol. Inf.

My record in the Spanish War begins with the President's first call for troops, being at the time a Captain in the New Jersey National Guard, and practicing law in Jersey City.

From Sea Girt we were sent to Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook, and some (one Bat.) to Fort Wadsworth, in New York Harbor. Towards the close of the War the Regt. was stationed at the Pompton Powder Works. About November 1st we were sent here (Athens, Ga.), and are expecting orders daily to go to Savannah, and thence to one of two places, Mariel, a sea port about fifteen miles from the city of Havana, or Pinar del Rio, on the western part of the Island of Cuba, in the province by that name.

During my life in the army I have been acting in the capacity of Major, holding, however, my rank as Captain and acting as Judge Advocate of the General Court Martial, not having as yet been relieved.

WILLIAM V. JOHNSON, EX.-'92,

First Lieut. 13th Pa. Vol. Inf.

On April 25th, 1898, my Regiment, the 13th Pa., from Scranton, Pa., was ordered to Mt. Gretna. I had been in

that Regiment for over five years and held the position of 4th Sergeant at the time. After all the boys had been given a chance to enlist into the service and were put through the physical examinations, in all of which I managed to make a fair showing, I found myself promoted to 1st Lieut. in Co. A, 13th Pa. Vol. Inf.

When we had filled up our company to the required seventy-five men, and had the recruits in some sort of shape, we were ordered to Falls Church, Va., about the middle of May, where we remained until August 1st, pitching camp then at Dunn Loring, Va., which was about three miles away and nearer the Southern Railroad's line. This whole camping in Va. went under the name of "Camp Alger." On the last day of August we started back for the "Old Keystone State," where, at "Camp Meade," three miles from Middletown and about twice that distance from Harrisburg, Pa., we halted for a few weeks.

After having been there about three weeks, I was taken quite sick with typhoid fever and was confined to the Harrisburg City Hospital for nearly nine weeks, or from September 23rd to November 22nd, 1898.

While there my regiment left for Camp McKenzie, at Augusta, Ga., about the first week in November.

J. BRENT PALMER, M. D., '93,

Surg. and Maj. 1st Ky. Vol. Inf.

My regiment, the 1st Ky. Vol. Infantry, has been on duty here in Porto Rico, nearly four months, and while I will gladly furnish any information you have been good enough to request concerning my service in the army I can hardly enter into detail as to my doings and different detached services while on the island, as most of them have been done under verbal orders, and the scarcity of surgeons here when we first arrived was the cause of my being sent to many places of which I have no record.

I was mustered into the Volunteer service as Major-Surgeon of the 1st Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, May 11, '98, and after a month spent at Lexington, Ky., examining recruits, proceeded to Chickamauga, Ga., with my regiment, where we went into camp. The first man I saw, whose face was familiar, and who immediately accosted me—calling me by name, was George Shields, Princeton, '91, then a Corporal in Battery A, of St. Louis, Mo. Their camp was just opposite ours and I learned from him that Guy and Tom Warren, Princeton, '95, were both members of the same battery. Needless to say we had many a pleasant talk during our two months encampment there, about college days.

I had been at Chickamauga only ten days when I received an order, dated June 21, to report to the Reserve Ambulance Company for duty. I served there for thirteen days and was then put in charge of the 1st Division Ambulance Company, 1st Army Corps. This position I held until July 26, when I was ordered to report to my regiment for duty at Newport News, to embark for Porto Rico.

We sailed Aug. 9th, on Transport Alamo, as 1st Regiment of 3rd Brigade, Gen. Grant commanding. Upon landing at Ponce, Porto Rico the Brigade Surgeon of our Brigade was put in charge of the U. S. General Hospital here and I succeeded him as Brigade Surgeon, 3rd Brigade, 1st Army Corps.

August 24th I was ordered to proceed to Guayama to deliver hospital supplies to Maj.-Gen. Brooke's command and proceeded across the island about 45 miles to do so. On the way over we met a Philadelphia troop of Cavalry returning to Ponce, and I saw Rex Shober, Princeton '90, and other men whom I knew and whom I saw in the troop.

On my return to Ponce I learned that Gen. Grant had been put in command of the 2nd Brigade and that I had been again ordered back to my regiment, as regimental surgeon.

Sept. 23rd I received an order to Coamo; where the 16th Pa. and the 3rd Wisconsin regiments were and where they had their battle with the Spaniards, to act as Brigade Surgeon of the 1st Brigade, Gen. Ernst commanding, and was then put in charge of the Division Field Hospital, at that place, where more than 1300 patients were healed and which was the largest hospital on the island. Oct. 25th I was relieved from duty at Coamo and ordered back to my regiment at Ponce.

EDWARD YEOMANS THORP, Ex-'93,
Corp. 71st N. Y. Vol.

He was born in Orange, N. J., in 1870. He prepared for Princeton at Sedgwick Institute, Great Barrington, Mass., and at the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa. He entered Princeton with the Class of '93 on the 7th day of Sept., 1889. Owing to certain changes in his business prospects, he found it expedient to leave the Class before graduation and embarked in the advertising and publishing business in New York City, in which vocation he was engaged until the 29th of April, 1898, when he enlisted as a private in Company B, of the 71st Volunteer Regiment of New York City. He was with the regiment at Camp Black, L. I., and from thence went to Tampa and Cuba. He was in every one of the engagements which his regiment had with the Spaniards on the 1st and 2nd of July. He was fortunate enough to escape without wounds, but contracted the fever while lying in the trenches and was sent with his company from Cuba to Montauk. After the regiment left Montauk he had a relapse and was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, and died there, of typhoid malaria, on Sept. 3rd. He was laid to rest at Rosedale Cemetery, Orange, N. J., the place of his birth.

His record as a soldier was a most enviable one, as will be seen by the following extracts taken from letters written by his Capt. and 1st Lieut. after his death:

Capt. Hazen writes: "I was associated with Mr. Thorp closely for some months and came to know him well. Always the same even temperament, performing his duties cheerfully, never complaining under the most trying circumstances, he was one of the most beautiful characters I ever met."

Lieut. Beerstian writes: "I feel his loss very deeply, as I had learned to think of him as one of my best friends in the company. He was a fine soldier throughout our whole hard campaign, and was ever ready to help the sick and weak. We have every reason to be proud of him. He did everything that any one could do for his country."

G. L. FARNUM, '94,
First Troop, Phila. City Cav.

WALTER E. GUNSTER, '94,
Second Lieut. 13th Pa. Vol. Inf.

My individual record is brief, for my regiment has not been out of this country. We left Scranton on April 27th, in response to the Governor's call. Camped at Mt. Gretna, Pa. Were mustered into the service of the United States May 13, 1898. Left Camp Hastings, Mt. Gretna, Pa., May 19th, for Camp Alger, Va. Moved to Dunn Loring, Va., July 19th, and to Camp Meade, Harrisburg, Pa., September 1st. On November 14th we left Camp Meade and established in Augusta, November 16, 1898.

I joined the National Guard of Pennsylvania, March 31, 1895, as private in Company A, Thirteenth Regiment. Was appointed corporal, same company, June 10, 1897. Left Scranton for Mt. Gretna, April 27, 1898. Received commission as Second Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, May 5, 1898. Appointed Acting Regimental Quartermaster, Commissary and Ordnance Officer, September 20, 1898.

ALEXANDER D. JENNEY, '94,
First Lieut. 203rd N. Y. Vol. Inf.

Joined the 203rd N. Y., in which I was 2nd Lieut. of Co. A. It was a second call regiment, that saw service in four camps, with the highest percentage of sick of any regiment in the service.

Was detailed at Camp Black in charge of a company of recruits for the 71st reg. They were disgruntled because they could not get to their regiment. In all there were three companies of them. They were so insubordinate that they were all put under arrest and their arms taken away just before the return of the 71st to Montauk Point, and their joining them there. I was in command three weeks, and in regard to myself must say that my company was all right, but was put in arrest because they were in bad company.

Was placed in charge of our regimental exchange, which was discontinued at Greenville, S. C., where the regiment now is, because of the dispensary laws of S. C.

On Oct. 10th I was made a 1st Lieut. in the same regiment. On Dec. 8th my resignation was accepted.

JOHN A. MURRAY, '94,
18th Pa. Vol. Inf.

R. KAY PORTSER, '94,
10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

Enlisted for three years, in the N. G. Pa., May, 1897.

Ordered to Camp Hastings, Mt. Gretna, Pa., April 27, 1898.

Mustered into United States service, for two years, May 12, 1898.

Moved from Camp Hastings to Camp Merritt, San Francisco, Cal., May 18, 1898.

Sailed from San Francisco, on board the "Zealandia," June 15, 1898.

Arrived at Honolulu, anchored twenty-four hours, June 23, 1898.

Arrived at Manila (Camp Dewey), P. I., July 17, 1898.

Engaged in the battle of Malate, on the night of July 31–August 1, 1898, and capture of Manila, August 10, 1898.

FRANCIS G. RIGGS, '94,

First Lieut. 5th Md., Vol. Inf.

When the war broke out I was travelling with my brother in Europe; and, being a member of the National Guard here, and hearing that my regiment had volunteered and been accepted, I hurried home to join them. But found on arriving here that the Fifth Maryland, to which I belonged, had been ordered to Chickamauga, so I went on there and joined them, as First Lieutenant of Company F. We were camped at Chickamauga Park for about a week, when we were ordered to Tampa, to report to Gen. Shafter.

We reached Tampa early in June, and when the first expedition to Santiago was sent, it was found that there was no room on the transports for our regiment, so we were left, presumably to follow later. We were later on, ordered to Huntsville, Ala., where we spent two weeks, and were then ordered home, and after a month's leave of absence we were mustered out of service.

HENRY G. RIGGS, 94,

Bat. Adj. 5th Md. Vol. Inf.

Before the late war I was a member of the National Guard in the State of Maryland, but was abroad traveling. When the war broke out the 5th Regiment, to which I belonged, volunteered its services to the Government and was accepted, and was mustered into the service on the 14th day of May.

I hurried home from abroad and joined the Regiment, which was known as the Fifth Maryland Infantry, U. S. Vols., at Chickamauga Park on May 28th., and assumed the position

of Adjutant of the First Battalion. We remained at Chickamauga about ten days when we were ordered to Tampa, which place we reached the first part of June. We remained at Tampa until the latter part of August, when we were ordered to Huntsville, Ala. We remained there about two weeks and were then ordered home, and were finally mustered out of the United States service on October 22nd.

RICHARD HATTON, EX'94.

P. A. Paymaster, U. S. N.

Just before war was declared, I was serving in the U. S. S. Baneroft, then attached to the European squadron. We were ordered home shortly after the "Maine disaster." When we reached Boston I was ordered to join the Panther, fitting out at New York to transport the first battalion of marines to Cuba. We sailed from New York on April 19th for Key West. The battalion was landed at Key West, and the Panther was for two weeks attached to Commodore Watson's squadron, cruising on the north coast of Cuba, on the lookout for the Spanish fleet.

During this time I acted as signal officer, and commanded the rifle division in addition to my other duties.

The Panther returned to Key West, re-embarked the marines, and proceeded to Guantanamo, Cuba, where they landed and held the hill and cable station. During the action at this place, I landed with twenty-five blue jackets who had volunteered to relieve the exhausted marines in the trenches.

Later I was ordered to the U. S. S. Terror, and joined her at Key West, on July 2d. We spent two weeks on the Havana blockade, and then proceeded to Guanica, Porto Rico, to assist in landing Gen. Miles' army. We were employed on this duty at Guanica, and Ponce, until the signing of the protocol, when we were ordered to Norfolk and went out of commission.

F. LEONARD KELLOGG, Ex'94,
Gunner's Mate U. S. S. Yankee.

As a member of the 1st Naval Battalion N. Y. I received orders on April 26th to report on board the U. S. S. "New Hampshire" and a few days after was enlisted as a gunner's mate, 3rd class, in the U. S. Navy and detailed to serve on board the U. S. cruiser "Yankee." I was honorably discharged with the same rating on Sept. 2nd following. The greater part of the intervening time was spent in West Indian waters, touching at ports in the islands of Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, Jamaica, Isle of Pines, etc. We were under fire a number of times (5) and but one man wounded by the enemy. It was during this engagement that we were successful in sinking a gunboat at Cienfuegos. A number of blockade runners were also captured off the Isle of Pines, which had been supplying Havana with food and information from the outside world.

The "Marblehead" and "Yankee" prepared the way for landing the marines at Guantanamo, the first body of American troops to land in the island of Cuba after the outbreak of the war, I believe. This was the establishment of Fort McCalley.

THOMAS RIDGWAY, Ex'94,
1st Troop Phila. City Cav.

For some years I had been a member of the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, and it was decided by us to offer the services of that body to the government of the United States, it having served in every war this country has waged.

Our services were accepted, and on May 7th, 1898, we were mustered into the Army of U. S. Volunteers at Mt Gretna, Pa. From there we went to Camp Alger, Virginia, on July 7th, and were there until July 24th, when we were ordered to Newport to embark for Porto Rico. On July 28th we sailed on the U. S. Transport, "Massachusetts."

We disembarked at Playa, Porto Rico, on August 3rd, and were on the island until Sept. 3rd, when we left on U. S. Mississippi, arriving at N. Y. Sept. 10th. I was mustered out November 10th.

While at Porto Rico with the H. Troop, 6th Cavalry, we were assigned to General Brooke, and guarded a wagon train and mules on the march from Ponce to Guayama where General Brooke was, and where we remained until ordered to return to Ponce after the peace protocol was signed.

PAUL GRISWOLD HUSTON, '95.

1st Ohio Vol. Inf.

Enlisted as a private in the First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, at Cincinnati, on Tuesday, June 22nd, 1898, and was assigned to Company A.

In camp at Port Tampa City, Florida, from June 26 to July 17. Taken with typhoid fever on July 17, in Reginald Hospital ten days, then sent northward to Fort Monroe in the Hospital Train. Taken from Fort Monroe on August 3, on a thirty days' sick furlough, which was later extended to 60 days. Honorably discharged at Cincinnati, on Tuesday, October 24, 1898. The First Ohio was in camp at Columbus, Chickamauga, Port Tampa City, Fernandina and Jacksonville, in General Lee's Corps, whence it was summoned home and orders issued for its discharge. At one time the regiment was on board the transports under General Shafter, but later it seemed best to take more artillery and the regiment was ordered to disembark, recruit up to its full quota and wait for further orders. It was considered to be one of the best regiments in the volunteer service, but the men, after the need of fighting was over, wished to return to civil life, and this desire was granted them.

CHARLES B. LEWIS, '95.

First Troop, Phila. City Cav.

I have been a member of the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry for the past two years, but on account of a severe

accident last spring was unable to volunteer with them when they were mustered into the United States service.

I was finally able to volunteer my services on July 28th, 1898, and was mustered into the United States Volunteer Service, and on that day we sailed for Porto Rico on the transport "Massachusetts", landing there on August 3rd, 1898, at Playa del Ponce, down there we escorted General Brooke's ammunition and provision team from Ponce to Arroyo, and on August 13th, 1898, were drawn up in line of battle when Lieutenant McLaughlin delivered the President's message saying that the Protocol had been signed and hostilities were to cease—as the opening gun was about to be fired.

We sailed from Playa del Ponce on the transport "Mississippi," for New York on September 3rd, 1898, and arrived in Jersey City on September 10th, 1898—proceeding thence to Philadelphia, when we were given sixty days furlough and were finally mustered out of the United Volunteer Service on November 21st, 1898.

The general health of the troops was good, and the food as good as could be expected under circumstances, but naturally became monotonous to those unused to camp life.

J. WALKER LORD, '95,

First Troop, Phila. City Cav.

Your request for an account of my service in the recent war came while I was sick with typhoid fever; otherwise it would not have remained so long unanswered.

I was in the United States service from July 22nd to November 21st, serving as private in the First Troop, Philadelphia City Troop, on its Porto Rican campaign, which began on July 26th and ended September 10th.

EDWARD MUNN, '95,

D Troop, 1st Vol. Cav.

My "record" in our late war was merely the counterpart of hundreds of others who got no further than a poorly equipped camp in Florida.

I was unfortunate in not being drawn as one of the members of Squadron A, N. G. N. Y., when they decided by lot who should compose Troop A, which finally went to Porto Rico.

Therefore I went to Tampa and was enlisted on June 17th in "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," or, more properly, the First Volunteer Cavalry.

The troop I was assigned to had already gone, leaving a small squad to care for the horses. I took that glorious part in the war, and came North with the others of my regiment who remained in Tampa, arriving in Jersey City on August 11th. I was immediately sent home, and remained until October 15th or thereabouts, in bed with typhoid fever. A few days later I got over to New York, was paid off and mustered out of the service.

Should Col. Roosevelt ever want his old command to get together, very few indeed, even of those who merely saw the war by proxy, would fail him.

Certainly I should be proud to serve under him again, but would see that I got there earlier, and in time for the show, whether law examinations were about due or not.

COURTLAND NIXON, '95,

First Lieut. 1st U. S. Inf.

June 22nd, 1898, I was fortunate enough to receive orders to appear before an examining board in New York City. I was examined June 30th to July 5th, 1898. On the 28th of July I received and accepted my commission as Second Lieutenant of Infantry, and was ordered to report for duty at Atlanta, Ga., which I did August 3rd, and was assigned to duty with recruits for the 1st U. S. Infantry. My commission was dated back to rank from July 9th, 1898.

We remained in Fort McPherson (suburb of Atlanta) until Aug. 14th, when we changed to Newman, Ga., forty miles south.

On the 9th of September we were ordered to Camp Wikoff, Long Island, N. Y., to join the 1st Reg. of Infantry, which had just returned from active service in Cuba. In one week after arrival at Montauk, L. I., the 1st Inf. was ordered to Anniston, Ala., where we remained until Oct. 30th.

The regiment has twice prepared to return to Cuba within the last two months.

I might add that, owing to so many officers being on sick leave, I have commanded Company B of this regiment since Sept. 18th, 1898.

This is an uneventful and uninteresting record, but I joined too late to see active service.

THOMAS H. PIERSON, C.E., '95,
Troop A, N. Y. Vol. Cal.

PHILIP G. WALKER, '95.
First Lieut. 1st W. Va. Vol. Inf., and A. D. C.

The West Virginia National Guard was called out on the 26th day of April last, of which organization I was a member, and held a commission as 1st Lieutenant in the same. Our two regiments were consolidated into one, and, being a junior officer in the National Guard, I did not receive a commission in the new regiment. I enlisted as a private in Company B, First Virginia Volunteer Infantry, on the 29th day of April. On the 2nd of May I was appointed by the Colonel, sergeant major of the regiment, and on the 12th day of May, there being a vacancy, I was commissioned as 2nd lieutenant and assigned to Co. E.

While encamped at Chickamauga Park I served in various capacities, as battalion and regimental adjutant, and was, for quite a while, in command of Company E.

On the 26th day of September, at Camp Poland, Knoxville, Tenn., I was detailed as judge advocate of a general court martial of the Second Brigade, Second division, 1st

Army Corps, in which capacity I served for about two months.

On the 10th day of December, at Camp Conrad, Columbus, Ga., I was detailed as aide-de-camp on the staff of Brigadier General John A. Wiley, at that time in command of the First Brigade, Second division, 1st Army Corps.

On the 6th day of January, 1899, I was commissioned as 1st Lieutenant, which is my present rank. Since I have been on the staff of General Wiley I have acted as assistant adjutant general of the 1st Brigade a large part of the time, and am at present acting as assistant adjutant general of the 2nd division, Major Scott being confined to his room by illness. General Wiley assumed command of this division the latter part of December, and since then I have been on the division staff.

FRANCIS NICOLL ZABRISKIE, '95,
22nd N. Y. Vol. Inf.

In May I joined Company A, of the 22nd New York Volunteer Infantry. The regiment was then at Camp Black, at Hempstead. I served as a private. The 22nd was ordered in June, to garrison the three forts at the mouth of Long Island Sound—Fort Slocum, Willetts Point and Fort Schuyler.

The battalion to which I belonged was at Fort Schuyler. In September the regiment assembled at Fort Slocum, on David's Island, where it remained until the twenty-third of November, when it was mustered out of the United States service.

JAMES F. DALE, EX'95,
Sixth U. S. Cav.

Enlisted as private in the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, May 11th, 1898. Joined regiment at Tampa, Fla., May 14th, being assigned to Troop I. Was honorably discharged October 31st, 1898, having participated in no battles, sieges or engage-

ments, or otherwise gained distinction. While in the south was taken with typhoid and malarial fevers, necessitating a two months' stay in the field hospital at West Tampa, and in the U. S. General Hospital at Fort Monroe, Va.

HENRY S. GODFREY, EX'95,
First Troop Phila. City Cav.

I volunteered as a private on April 28th, 1898, and was mustered into the United States Volunteer service on May 8th, at Mt. Gretna, Pa., where we stayed, getting our horses and equipments, until June 20th, when we went to Camp Alger, Va.

We left there about July 20th, and went to Newport News, at which place we took the transport *Massachussetts* for Porto Rico, on July 28th. The boat was very crowded and we had a most uncomfortable voyage. After a five days trip we arrived off Ponce, and were ordered to join General Brooke. On account of being delayed by the steamer running aground, we did not march up the coast with him, but about a week later acted as escort to his hospital and Signal Corps as far as Guayama, on the southern coast. The nearest point to active service was here, when the U. S. troops were to attack Aibonito on August 12th, but they were stopped by the peace protocol.

We left there about the 20th of August, marched back to Ponce, where we stayed about a week, and sailed home on the transport *Mississippi*, arriving in New York, September 10th. After two months furlough we were mustered out Nov. 17th, 1898.

FRANKLIN BLAKE MORSE, EX'95,
Troop A, N. Y. Vol. Cav.

I served with Troop A, New York Volunteer Cavalry, throughout the Porto Rican campaign, as a private.

JOHN P. POE, JR., EX'95,
Sergt. 5th Md. Vol. Inf.

I was mustered into the service of the United States Volunteers May 14th, having been in the State encampment three weeks. I had been in the militia for three years and three months before war was declared. I was with the 5th Maryland Volunteers. We were at Chickamauga from May 22nd to June 2nd., on which day we were ordered to Tampa, at which place we arrived June 5th, and remained there until August 18th, when he left for Huntsville, Ala., staying there until Sept. 5th, at which time we were ordered to Baltimore, given thirty days furlough and mustered out a few days after the thirty days furlough had expired, the day we were mustered out being Oct. 22nd. I was 5th Sergeant, F Company. The 5th Maryland was an Infantry regiment.

THOMAS SLIDELL, EX'95.
Troop A, N. Y. Vol. Cav.

I was connected with the 1st New York Vol. Cavalry, private, Troop A.

I was enlisted about June 1st and encamped at Camp Alger, Va. I went with my troop with General Brooke's first expedition to Porto Rico, but saw no fighting.

We were ordered home in the early part of September. I was in good health during the entire campaign.

RICHARD STOCKTON, EX'95.
Corp. 6th Pa. Vol. Inf.

He enlisted the last of April and was mustered into the U. S. service at Mt. Gretna, Pa., on the 11th of May, as a private in Co. C, 6th Pa. Vol. He was soon moved to Camp Alger, Falls Church, Va., where he spent most of the summer. From there he was moved to Camp Meade, Pa., where he received a thirty days' furlough, at the end of which he was mustered out, as corporal, on the 17th of October.

GUY S. WARREN, EX'95.

Light Battery A, Mo. Vol.

We were called into service April 26th. Capt. Rumbold received his notice at noon that day, and two hours later all his men were in camp. On May 4th we encamped at Jefferson Barracks, where we remained until May 16th, when we left for Camp George H. Thomas, at Chickamauga, arriving there on the 18th. July 23rd we marched to Rossville, Ga., where we took a special train for Newport News, Virginia. Arrived there two days later, and left Newport News on the United States transport Roumania, July 27th.

August 3rd the vessel went on the rocks at Guanica, Porto Rico, where it remained for about nine hours before it was gotten off. The next day it sailed for Ponce Playa, where we were ordered to disembark, but after making preparations for unloading, we received orders from Gen. Miles to proceed to Arroyo and there disembark, as Gen. Brooke was very much in need of artillery. We landed under the protection of the guns from the cruisers Cincinnati and Gloucester on August 4th. The Battery went into camp about a mile and a half from Arroyo, and remained there until the 13th, when camp was broken and we marched to Guayama, where we at once took a position in the second line of battle ready to attack the Spanish works at that point.

The batteries were in position, the guns were loaded, and the men waiting the order to "begin firing," when the message from Washington was received, notifying us to cease hostilities, peace had come.

August 28th the Battery left Guayama and started on the return trip to Ponce. That night we bivouacked at the Hacienda Carmen, after a march of twenty-seven miles through rain and mud. We made 47 miles in one and a half days, which is considered splendid time for artillery, when 20 miles per day is considered forced marching. We pitched camp just outside the City of Ponce where we remained until Sep-

tember 7th, when we received orders to strike tents and march to Ponce Playa, and on the 8th we were on board the United States transport Concho, and seven days later we arrived in the "good old New York Harbor," with a homeward bound pennant 120 feet long streaming from the mainmast. We went along side in Jersey City, and by ferry to Weehawken. We left there on the 16th for St. Louis, and upon our arrival went into camp once more at Jefferson Barracks. On the 22nd, with the exception of the guard, we were furloughed until the 20th of November, and on the 1st of December were mustered out of the United States service.

I was "lead dower" on the 3rd Section caisson.

GEORGE G. BLACKMORE, '95,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

I served in Battery A, Penna. Light Artillery Vols., from June 16th to November 11th, 1898. Enlisted just after Commencement last June, at Philadelphia, at the time the Battery was put on war footing, and joined the Battery at Newport News, Va., where they were then in Camp Warburton. After numerous false reports the long looked for order came that we were to be sent at once to Porto Rico on the expedition to that Island, and on August 5th sailed from Newport News in S. S. "Manitoba," in charge of Maj. Castleman, 1st Ky. Vol. Inf., along with the Gov.'s and Sheridan troops of Pa. Cavalry, Battery C, Pa. Vols. detachment of hospital corps and signal corps men. Arrived off Ponce August 10th, and on entering the harbor went aground on a bar. The battery went ashore the next day and had hardly got started with the work of unloading when the news of the signing of the Protocol came, much to the disappointment of all. However, we completed the unloading and proceeded to our new camp in the foot hills, back of Ponce about two miles. Orders soon came that all artillery and cavalry would be returned to the States, and then on September 3rd we completed the work of loading

again, and the S. S. "Mississippi" left for Jersey City, arriving at the latter place at noon on September 10th, with Troops A and C, N. Y. Cavalry, First City Troop of Phila., Batteries A and C Vols., Governor's and Sheridan's Troops, Pa. Cav., and the battery was taken at once to Philadelphia, where we were dismissed on sixty days' furlough.

Reporting again, on November 10th was examined physically and told to report the following Thursday, but the following day succeeded in getting my discharge from the United States service.

BERNIS BRIEN, '96,
3d Ohio Vol. Inf.

At the outbreak of the war I enlisted as a private in Co. G, 3rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Soon after the regiment's arrival in Tampa, I was detailed to the regimental hospital, and thence transferred to the 3rd Division Hospital, 4th Army Corps, serving at Tampa and Fernandina. For the twelve weeks we were in Fernandina I did constant night duty from 6 P. M. until 7 A. M. My experience gave me a good opportunity to study human nature.

CHARLES BROWNE, '96,
Hospital Staff.

Was connected with the Army Hospital at Fortress Monroe.

THOMAS CADWALADER, '95,
Troop A, Phila. City Cav.

H. W. COULTER, '96,
10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

In service in Manila.

JOSIAH HUGHES CRAWFORD, '96,
Red Cross and Christian Commission.

The last of May saw me identified with the Red Cross and Christian Commission movements, and I was assigned their field agent at Chickamauga, with the Second Division of the First Army Corps, General Poland in command, General Brooke being commander of the corps.

My duties there consisted in getting supplies and reading matter through to the various regiments and hospitals, cultivating friendly relations with the army surgeons, and finally controlling very largely the religious work in the Second Division hospital, with its 600 or more sick men quartered there at a time. In addition to working twelve or fifteen hours a day, I had to preach to the various regiments in the division when they were without chaplains or when their chaplains were sick. In one week I preached at five such services, and my work only failed reaching Porto Rico, for, when ordered to go there, I was so near a physical wreck from numerous diseases that it took me five weeks to get into any shape before I could return to the Seminary for my Senior year. But in all the work the old class and college were not forgotten. An example is in point. One Sunday morning, after having service with the First Pennsylvania regiment, and preparing to preach to the First Georgia, Tom Stites, of familiar memory, an assistant hospital steward in the First Pennsylvania, yelled to me from an ambulance, "Say, Joe, Yale licked the 'Varsity in baseball yesterday." Think of preparing a sermon on such news!

MELDRUM GRAY, '96,
Second Lieut. Vol. Signal Corps.

I was enlisted in the Fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry on May 15th, 1898, and on the same day left with the regiment for Chickamauga. I served as private and corporal in the Fourth Ohio until June 27th, when I received a commission

as Second Lieutenant in the Volunteer Signal Corps. Was stationed at Chickamauga until July 21st, when we were ordered with the First Division, First Army Corps, to proceed to Newport News, and thence to Porto Rico. I was stationed at Ponce, Porto Rico, until some days after the peace protocol was signed, then ordered to proceed to Guayama, where I remained until ordered home, in the early part of September. Was then given the usual leave of absence and mustered out with my company.

WARREN J. HAINES, '96,
Second Lieut. 1st Md. Vol. Inf.

My war record can be told in a few words, as the operations of my regiment were confined solely to this continent.

I went into camp with the Maryland National Guard, as a sergeant in Co. E, 1st Maryland Infantry, at Pimlico, Md., on April 25th. On May 17th the regiment was mustered into the U. S. service, and left for Fort Monroe, Va., on May 25th. I was commissioned 2nd lieutenant July 6th, and in the latter part of August tendered my resignation, having same accepted September 1st, when I severed my connection with the regiment.

W. G. MITCHELL, '96,
First Lieut. 1st U. S. Vol. Eng.

I was commissioned a second lieutenant in the First Regiment of Volunteer Engineers on July 6th and remained on duty with this regiment while at Camp Townsend, N. Y., and during its three months service in Porto Rico.

I was promoted to be first lieutenant on November 21st, and returned to the United States with the regiment on November 25th.

WILLIAM B. PARSONS, '96,
U. S. S. Yankee.

I was an able-bodied seaman on board the U. S. S. "Yankee," and served in that capacity from May 4th to September 2nd, 1898.

The exploits of the "Yankee" are, of course, now a matter of history, which is very well related in a book written by one of the crew and edited by Admiral Sampson.

DAVID POTTER, '96,
Paymaster, U. S. N.

Before war was declared or even thought of by the public generally, he was appointed an assistant paymaster in the regular service of the United States Navy, but was not commissioned until February 18th, 1898.

On March 15th, 1898, he reported for duty on board the U. S. Ram "Katahdin," as pay officer of that vessel, and saw service on her as follows:

The last days of April, all of May, and part of June, were spent alternating between Provincetown, Mass., and Boston, the duty being connected with the defense of Boston harbor. During the latter part of June the "Katahdin" was ordered to Hampton Roads, and remained either there or at Norfolk until the signing of the Peace Protocol, ostensibly lying in wait for the phantom Spanish fleet.

The latter part of September she was ordered to League Island Navy Yard, and there went out of commission, Mr. Potter being ordered to the "Buffalo," as pay officer of that vessel.

On November 5th the "Buffalo" sailed from the New York Navy Yard for Manila.

From the peculiar construction of the "Katahdin," and through the fact that she was an experiment, the Navy Department never permitted her an opportunity of testing the powers for which she was built, so that Mr. Potter was one of those unfortunate regular officers who failed to get under fire.

W. WOODBURN POTTER, '96,
Battery A, Pa. Light Art.

JOSEPH C. RIGHTER, JR., '96,
12th Pa. Vol. Inf.

On April 26th, 1898, I enlisted as a private in the National Guard of Pennsylvania, in Co. G, 12th Regiment, located at this place. On April 27th we were ordered to Camp Hastings, at Gretna, Pa. On May 12th we were mustered into United States service as Co. G, 12th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. About May 20th we were ordered to Camp Alger, Falls Church, Va. On July 30th I was sent to the Divisional Hospital, and on July 31st to Fort Meyer Hospital suffering with a bad case of typhoid fever. On August 27th I was about to be discharged, cured from the hospital and sent home on a thirty days' furlough, but suffered a relapse and was compelled to remain at the hospital until September 22nd, when I was discharged as cured and sent home on a thirty days' sick furlough. In the meantime my regiment was moved from Camp Alger, Falls Church, Va., to Dunn Loring, Va., and from there to Camp Meade, Middletown, Pa. On September 19th they were sent home on a thirty days furlough, after which they were to be mustered out. On October 19th we were given a ten days' extension, and on November 1st we were paid off and mustered out of United States service, our discharge being dated October 29th, 1898,

At present (November 28th) I am still convalescing from my attack of typhoid fever, which I incurred during my service and from which several times the doctors gave up hope of my recovering.

THOMAS H. A. STITES, '96,
1st Pa. Vol. Inf.

Early in April, believing hostilities to be inevitable, and thinking it my duty to signify my willingness to serve the

country, I enrolled myself as a member of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, First Regiment, Company D, and on April 28th, in accordance with orders from Governor Hastings my regiment proceeded from Philadelphia to Mt. Gretna, Penn., and there went into camp bivouacking that night under any shelter which would protect us from the storm.

Within a few days I was detailed to the Regimental Hospital Corps, and upon May 11th, 1898, was mustered into the service of the United States as a private of Co. D, 1st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. Continuing to serve on the regimental hospital corps, on May 15th, I started with my regiment for Camp George H. Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Georgia, arriving there and going into camp on May 18th. About June 16th I received orders detaching me from the 1st Penna. Infantry and transferring me to the Hospital Corps U. S. A., and was stationed with the Reserve Ambulance Company, 1st Army Corps, at Camp Thomas. After serving here for about ten days I was ordered (June 26) to duty at the hospital of the Third Division, First Army Corps. In this hospital I served as nurse and ward master until Aug. 4th, '98, upon which date I received a furlough and started for my home, suffering from typhoid fever contracted in the hospital. The attack proving quite serious and convalescence very slow I set about through friends to obtain an honorable discharge. Before, however, this could be obtained I was again transferred, October 1st, '98—this time from the Hospital Corps, U. S. A., to Co. D, 1st Penna. Vol. Inf., with orders to report to the Colonel of that regiment at Philadelphia, Penn., "in order to be mustered out of the service of the United States." The regiment was mustered out on October 16th, but owing to my inability to be present, my own muster out was delayed and it was not until November 8th, upon my presenting myself and undergoing the prescribed physical examination by the proper officers that my connection with the army came to an end.

The service, especially that at the 3rd Division Hospital, demanded constant work, but my recollections of it are by no means unpleasant, though it was a great disappointment to me that I could see no active service at the front.

WILLIAM H. FULPER Ex'96.

Passed Asst. Paymaster, U. S. N.

Was appointed Passed Assistant Paymaster in the Navy with the rank of Lieut., on May 23rd, 1898. He has published a book entitled "The Cruise of the U. S. S. Resolute with forty tons of Dynamite during the war with Spain." In this book which is a transcript of his diary, and illustrated, he gives some very graphic accounts of scenes at Guantanamo, Santiago and Havana.

He was a member of the Battalion of the West, Naval Reserves, N. J., and was one of those who took the Monitor Montauk from the League Island Navy Yard to Portland, Maine.

P. FRAZER, JR., Ex'96,

First Troop Phila. City Cav.

RENSSELAER H. GREENE, Ex'96,

Corp. 52nd Ia. Vol. Inf.

After a service of four and one-half years in the Iowa National Guard, I enlisted, April 26th, in the Fifty-second Regiment of Iowa Infantry Volunteers, our National Guard Company retaining its original formation, and we served until the latter part of August at Chickamauga Park, when we were brought to Des Moines and furloughed for a month.

I was enlisted as a private and was promoted to corporal May 27th, and served in that capacity until discharged.

PAUL LOVING, Ex'96,

Second Lieut. First Ohio Vol. Cal.

He enlisted in the First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, was made Sergeant, and then commissioned Second Lieutenant

in the same regiment. He was stationed at Chickamauga and other southern camps during the summer, and mustered out in October.

A. EDWIN SCHAFF, Ex'96,
U. S. S. "Yankee."

I joined the 2nd Naval Battalion of Brooklyn on the 22nd of April, 1898, and immediately went on harbor patrol, and was on it for one month when I joined the regular service as seaman and was quartered on the U. S. S. "New Hampshire" for a few weeks, when I was transferred to the U. S. S. "Yankee," where I was left until the Reserves were discharged September 5th, 1898.

R. M. WILLIAMS, Ex'96,
Asst. Eng. U. S. N.
On U. S. S. Baltimore, Manila.

FRANK GRENVILLE CURTIS, '97,
Corp. 171st N. Y. Vol. Inf.

Enlisted in 171st Regiment, New York. Ranked as corporal. Regiment not ordered out.

HERBERT STALEY HARRIS, '97.
Hospital Corps.

In response to an appeal from the International Medical Missionary Association, he entered the hospital corps of the army. He served at Camp Black and later at Camp Alger. Then he was transferred to the field hospital at Bristoe, Va., where he was promoted to the office of assistant head nurse. His work here attracted attention, and for meritorious service he was recommended to the post of acting hospital steward. A few days later he contracted a severe type of typhoid fever, from which disease he is now slowly recovering.

He was discharged from the service, October 20th, at Camp Meade, Pa.

FRANCIS A. LANE, '97.

Quarterm. Dept., Chickamauga.

After enlisting I left for Chickamauga on June 23d, having, I must say, no very definite idea of the nature of the duties before me. I arrived at Chickamauga on the following day—the hottest day, I believe, of the year—for the thermometer registered 110° in the shade. But to the intolerable heat was added the intolerable dust, which was at least six inches deep in the main thoroughfare. After several hours of search under such circumstances as these, I at last found the quartermaster's depot, at which I was to report. Here I met Harrison Hall, '98, who, you know, was the first to take the position of clerk in this department. It was through Hall, who, by the way, had an appointment in the Regular Army, that I got my position.

Hall had already been at Chickamauga ten days. I relieved him at once, and it was well for him that I did, for that night he fell sick, and his illness continued during the next day. It was of such a serious nature that I became frightened and began to think that he might not get through with his life. The disease seemed to resist every effort of the physician to check it. Hall lost twenty pounds, and grew so weak that he could scarcely walk by himself. I speak of his case in order to show you how that climate could affect men who were physically strong and robust.

I confess that when I saw how seriously Hall had been afflicted, I was somewhat frightened on my own account, but I stuck to it, and was not ill a single day while I was there.

My position was that of invoice clerk under A. S. Bickham ('82), captain and assistant quartermaster.

At that time there were over 50,000 men encamped in the park, and preparations were just then being made to move to the front. The thorough mobilization of an army is a stupendous undertaking; how difficult a task it is and how much work it means you could not judge unless you could

be connected with the special departments under whose direction it proceeds. Let me give you some idea of the work that fell upon me alone. Captain Bickham, under whom, as I have said, I held the position of invoice clerk, was an officer on General Brooke's staff, and had charge of the army transportation department. This involved the control and the allotments of mules, wagons and harness. Every requisition that was presented had to go through certain regular channels before the order could be given for the issue, and it was my business to write out the papers necessary to make the transfer. On many days I have written out orders for supplies which represented between one and two hundred thousand dollars. What follows will show you some of the detail. I had to write out two invoices, two receipts and two orders. The blank forms had to be filled out with the names of the one who issued and the one who received the supplies; then the number of articles drawn had to be entered twice, once in figures and once in words, and finally the names of the articles, the condition and the price. No ditto marks could be used. After these forms had been filled out, a record of them had to be placed on the books. The thing that made my work so hard was that I was obliged to enter on the books a record of so many different kinds of wagons. The department handled ten different kinds, and each regiment, it seemed, had every kind there was. But even this was not the worst of it. For not only is the wagon itself drawn, but a thousand and one parts also, from a carriage bolt to a wheel. The same thing is true of the harness. But the mule, the army mule, was not in parts. He was drawn as a unit. And let me say here, that this beast is far more dangerous than the cannon that armed the peerless squadron of which Spain must be so proud. A man would be far safer in the U. S. Navy than in the quartermaster's department at Chickamauga.

For six weeks I toiled thus, working twelve or fourteen hours a day. After that, however, the work grew lighter for a time. But not for long, for just as I was beginning to breathe easily again, Captain Bickham was transferred to a brigade. Then all the supplies had to be turned over in the usual way, and this gave me double work for over two weeks. And again later, when my superior officer was promoted to the rank of depot quartermaster, just at the time when the troops were leaving to be mustered out, I had three times my usual work on my hands, for I received not only mules, harness and wagons, but also everything else handled by the quartermaster.

During all the time I was at Chickamauga I lived by myself in an officer's tent pitched at headquarters. I enjoyed such army luxuries as a cot, a board floor, a mattress, etc. I had a good position in more ways than one. I learned the workings of the quartermaster's department, and was thrown into contact with men that transacted the government's business. In fact, I was tempted to keep the position and not to return this year. But now I am glad that I came back.

I was kept so closely at my desk, however, being able to get off only on Sundays, that I saw very little of the camp. I did get off to see the grand review, though, and a grand spectacle it was. There were 40,000 soldiers in line. I also went to several of the hospitals, and, as far as I could see, the newspapers exaggerated the "inhuman treatment."

The only really exciting experience I had while in camp was with a cavalry horse. It happened this way:—I started out one day for a ride on what was represented to me as a Kentucky thoroughbred. The representation was false. The thoroughbred traits which the horse possessed were those of a thoroughbred bucking broncho. He was merely a colt, and not well broken. Such a beast it is not wise to ride. I had gotten him over half a mile when the trouble began. The thoroughbred began to buck and then to rear. I hung on,

for I had a point to gain as well as he. I was under him. I got partly out of his way, but the rim of the saddle caught me on the ankle, and my foot was still in the stirrup. I could not get loose until he was pleased to roll the other way. Then I managed to scramble out and to my feet. My audience—for I had an audience, who enjoyed the whole thing hugely, you may be sure—kept throwing stinging jibes at me about “rough riders.” So as soon as the horse was caught again I invited them to try. But volunteers were exceedingly backward. At last one fellow screwed his courage up and declared he would ride the horse. I agreed cheerfully, for I had a score to pay. Up he got, and down he went again. The thoroughbred had played him the same trick. Then I saw myself as others had seen me, and knew why the audience had thought the show worth seeing.

I left Chickamauga on September 10th, having been connected with the army almost three months. During that time I was not ill for a single day, a fact which I account for on the ground that I took good care of myself. I suffered none of the pains and the ills of the soldier.

FREDERICK B. McNISH, '97,
Light Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

I enlisted as a private in Light Battery A, of the Pa. volunteers, on June 26th, 1898, was stationed at Camp Warburton, Newport News, Va., until August 5th. On that date sailed on the transport Manitoba for Ponce, Porto Rico. Returned on transport Mississippi, on September 10th. I took part in no engagements. Was mustered out of service at Philadelphia, November 18th, 1898.

EVARISTO DE MONTALVO, '97,
Corp. Utah Vol. Art., Battery B.,

The President had called for 100,000 volunteers; for three days I thought and thought, weighed the *pro* and *con*.

Fox, the chemist, wanted to enlist. It was Cuba's fight—my fight. Duty stared me in the face. It would only take a few grains in the balance of Fate. The day came at last. The recruiting officer was in town. I came down from the mill with a few samples for analysis. Fox was at the balance in both senses of the word. He put the "rider" a few notches to the right—down dropped the pan. He turned to me and said: "Monte, let's enlist." "It's a go," said I; "artillery or cavalry?" "Artillery," answered he. We proceeded to the scrutiny office, went through the required cross-examination. The deed was done, for I knew I would pass the physical examinations. Out of the thirty or more that enlisted about eight were called to Salt Lake and seven were accepted. Fox was not even called, as he did not pass the preliminary examinations very well. There was a hot time in old Mercur the night before leaving—big dinner and a ball. I was to answer to a toast, "Cuba," but I am ashamed to say, could not be found at the table. I was sorry, as I could have made a "cracker-jack" speech. It was only a question of stuffing everything into the trunk. I took nothing with me save a blanket and the suit I had on. The train was decorated, and a band (?) escorted us to the station. Every shopkeeper gave us something in the way of a present. The restaurants and saloons contributed largely. Amid tears and cheers the little train wound its snaky course around the mountain. At the summit we looked down upon the mill and the knot of shouting miners; looked down upon the town, which was not a home for me, yet I must say I felt a lump in my throat, because it was a good-bye to something. We arrived in town that night, were treated to a fine dinner and proceeded to Camp Kent, where the barracks were swarming with the greatest crowds of all kinds and conditions of men. "Hoboes," "Weary Willies" were in force, but here and there one could see a fellow worth while talking to. Some volun-

teered because there was nothing else for the poor devils to do; most of us because the country needed us.

The hard lot of a soldier's life is not the fighting. It is the long, weary marches through mud, the half-rations, the waiting, waiting. I shall never forget my first meal in barracks the next morning. We were marched in to the tables, and at command sat down to two square inches of fried bacon and coffee, minus milk, and a piece of bread. The "more" look that Dickens describes so well in *Oliver Twist* came over the face of all. I closed my teeth and said, "Sit still, my stomach; sit still." Levy Lanthier, of the Mercur boys, a six-footer, turned to me, and with his Western twang, said: "Monte, d— me if I don't think we've made a mistake and struck the penitentiary." But the time has come since then that we have longed for bacon and bread!

We were drilled every day, but as the uniforms did not come, we looked more like Coxey's army than Light Batteries A and B of the Utah Artillery. As we brought no clothes, we kept getting more dirty and ragged.

Large crowds came out from town to see us, but I kept strictly out of sight, as I was afraid some of my friends in Salt Lake would see me. The cry now was for uniforms. Our tents were pitched, the needed horses bought, and gradually things began to look more military. We had gun drill and target practice, and kind ladies kept the camp well supplied with nice things to eat. The weather was fine, and, little by little, we began to accustom ourselves to the new life. One day the militia uniforms and the equipments were turned over to us, and we looked more like soldiers. The cry now was, "When do we move over to Frisco?" We had many false alarms, but at last early one morning, as if by magic, the snowy little city fell to earth, and a few hours later we were marching to the tune of martial music through the streets of Salt Lake. But I should be more brief, or I shall never come to present times. At the station the ladies

of the Red Cross—how every enlisted man blesses them—gave us a luncheon. This was a great and “humid” good-bye, for mothers and sisters were there to see their boys off. They crowded up to the windows; many wanted a souvenir or to see the “Cuban” (that was me). Some were surprised because I looked very much like anybody else. I shall never forget good Mrs. Winkler. Old and tottering, she clung to her son’s arm all the way to the station. The surging, pushing, rough crowd could not shake her off. Little Winkler swallowed hard, and blinked a little, but looked straight ahead. This incident came strongly to my mind the night of our first engagement, when Winkler, standing at his post by the piece, said, “Lieutenant, I am hit.” “This is no time for jokes,” answered Grow; but Winkler’s left arm hung limp to his side. There he stood, still at his post, until the officer realized he was hit, and told him to retire. It proved only a flesh wound, just grazing the bone. I said to myself, “Old Mrs. Winkler, your son is saved to you;” for we were running short of ammunition, and expected the Spaniards to charge those breastworks every minute. Then it would have been a case of six-shooters for a time, and—well, final annihilation. But I am anticipating.

The ride from Salt Lake to “Frisco” was rather uneventful, although we received great “send offs” along the line. Arriving at “Frisco,” we were met by another gastronomic demonstration at the station by that same society, the Red Cross.

The life at Camp Merritt, San Francisco, was about the same as at Camp Kent, except that we were better uniformed and better fed, and we had a fine time at the theatres and the music halls. The people just simply gave up the town to us. On some car lines we paid no fare, and a soldier was treated and feted wherever he went. Every day ladies of the Red Cross came to the different camps and distributed many dainties. I cannot stop to describe the scenes at “Frisco” or Camp Merritt, as much more is to come.

We were now looking forward to the trip to Manila, which, as I have had some experience in travelling, I knew would be the greatest trial we had to contend with. On the 14th of June, at daybreak, we broke camp, marched to the wharf and boarded the S. S. Zealandia. With us was the 10th Pennsylvania Infantry. The expedition consisted of four transports, the China (flagship) Colon, Senator and ours. One platoon, with two pieces, under Lieutenant Grow, was on the Zealandia. Another, under Lieutenant Gulchaw, was on the China, with two more pieces. Battery A were all on the Colon, with all their pieces. We mounted our guns forward and aft, in case we should have to repel a sea attack. The afternoon of the 14th we pulled out into mid-stream, and next day sailed out of the gate. Tugs by the score and big excursion boats swarmed around us. Bands played, women cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. Like Columbus, we were sailing into the unknown, with no escort in the way of gunboats. The sea was high for a couple of days, and the cold rain poured down unmercifully upon us. The cooking facilities were wretched, and we had for a seasick diet the everlasting "pickled mare" (canned beef). They made attempts at cooking "pickled mare," and desiccated potatoes (called by us "dissipated potatoes") were put into a big iron bucket. We lined up in the rain with our tin plates to receive our rations, which sometimes would be blown out of our plates into the next man's face or all over the deck. The sick ones occupied positions along the rail, or rolled up in blankets, hugging the steam pipes. Some ate nothing for two days. Our sleeping quarters were down in the hold, where we were packed like sardines. In fact, everything was so crowded that it was difficult to move around the decks for fear of stepping on some one or stumbling over a man's foot. The quarters below were made untenable by the sick ones. I don't want to get too realistic, so I shall stop right here.

In a few days we had fine weather and most of the boys slept on deck and enjoyed a shower bath, or rather a hose bath every morning when the sailors washed down the decks. I had the honor of suggesting the last move.

At last we reached Honolulu. What a change! It was like stepping out of hell into paradise. It was a glorious day, bright and cool and music everywhere. The open-hearted hospitality of these people was something fine. The Red Cross was at it again. The program was as follows: A march to the American Yacht Club, where we all enjoyed a good swim and where we received our mail from the other ship, and were given writing paper and pens to write to the folks at home. It was give, give on every side. The Batteries got the best of it, as we were entertained by a Salt Lake man, who took us on a trip to a large plantation. Cigars and cooling drinks were our lot on the train. Merrily we dashed by rice fields and quaint little towns. A cool breeze blew in through the windows and we sat back puffing our "perfectos," beaming with pleasure. But a feeling of sadness came over me when I reached the plantation. In a flash the smell of the boiling juice brought me back to Cuba. I looked over the waving cane, and at the freight cars loaded with it, listened to the rumbling noise of the crushers—that used to sound so sweet to me in San Lino, and used to lull father to sleep. Here was prosperity. A mental picture of the future of Cuba came before me. Our cane did not wave their tufts in the gentle breeze. I saw a blackened, smoky expanse stretching before me; in the distance, leaping flames and black smoke being driven on and on by the heavy wind. I saw the freight cars jammed together in the "batey." The big mill was motionless—dead—the rust eating, slowly eating the remains—RUIN!

After this trip we marched to the beautiful palace gardens, where a fine spread was laid for us. The Hawaiian soldiers in their neat uniforms were on dress parade. What a contrast to our boys, but then, we were out for business. A

band situated in a raised rotunda played the good old tunes. Brightly dressed girls in pink and white and blue flitted about the lawn. I sat in the shade of a big mango and took in everything in a great gulp with ears, eyes, nose—I say nose, because a faint, indescribable perfume prevailed everywhere—a combination, I imagine, of fruits and flowers. The graceful palms waved to and fro in time to a swinging waltz. Everything, in fact, was in tune—our spirits, our stomachs—everything. We wandered through the palace at will, looked out from the broad veranda on the scene below, lounged and sprawled on the grass—and such soft grass! The band now played “La Czarine.” Then I was back again in the Café Chinois, in the Bois, with Mathilde. I was in just that state when my emotions would dance to any tune. The bugle blowing “Assembly” brought me back to the present. Back to the ship we marched, and then came the long, weary days with only a few incidents to vary the monotony. I started a Spanish class among the officers. This, for me, was a diversion, as there was no place either to read or write comfortably in our quarters in the bow. On the Fourth of July we peacefully conquered Wakes Island. General Green planted the flag on the uninhabited sand bank. A few days later we had target practice with our pieces, which was quite a novelty, as we had never fired off ship-board. On the 9th we arrived at Guam, which we imagined had to be taken with the aid of the “Charleston,” but, as you have probably read, the conquest was made by the first expedition. On the 17th we steamed through the channel, past the famous land batteries that Dewey braved before the battle of Manila, and a few days later dropped anchor before Cavite. I neglected to say that we met the “Charleston” a day before our arrival. From the decks of the “Zealandia” we could see the wrecks of the Spanish fleet, and one wondered. On the other side lay the American squadron, as trim and dapper as if they had not done anything.

With impatience we watched for the day of landing. Of course I was very much in demand as an interpreter, and consequently made many trips to Cavite and visited the sunken ships. I did not take away any souvenirs, as I knew we had a hard campaign before us, and did not want to carry any extra weight. Cavite is a very pretty little place. You have probably seen many pictures of it, so I shall not go into descriptions. I talked with many Spanish prisoners, and had the honor of seeing the Governor of Guam and his staff, who are all prisoners. Every day we could hear from the direction of Cavite the volleys of musketry and the boom of artillery. The Spaniards were making desperate efforts to drive back from their intrenchments the insurgents, who had the city besieged. The 10th Pennsylvania left before us, and were given a hearty cheer by our boys. There had been somewhat of a hard feeling between the Pennsylvania boys and ourselves, but this was quickly dispelled and replaced by a feeling of mutual admiration and good will after the memorable night of July 31st and the morning of August 1st. The next morning we boarded "cascos" and barges and made for a point a mile or so from Manila, where Camp Dewey was situated. Most of us had not touched Mother Earth for thirty-five days, so the spirits of all were at their height in spite of the fact that we had to unload our guns, caissons, &c., by wading waist-deep in the water. A pretty place was Camp Dewey. As far as the eye could reach it was a broad expanse of white canvas. Camp fires were burning merrily, the day was glorious, the spot shaded. It did not take long to pitch camp and settle down for an indefinite period. We had some pretty hard times at Camp Dewey. For days and days it rained and stormed. We were almost washed out of our tents, and did not know what it was to feel dry. The high surf prevented us from landing provisions, so we were on about one-quarter rations most of the time. Wood was scarce, as we were not allowed to cut down trees. We had many en-

counters with the natives on this question, as they objected to our picking up the dead timber lying about. Owing to my knowledge of Spanish, I had the honor to go on several scouting expeditions to the field of operations. This was rather a ticklish job, as the insurgents and the Spanish pickets were exchanging shots all the time. A little movement in the brush would bring a Mauser whizzing in our direction. On one occasion we were within fifty or a hundred yards of the Spanish intrenchments, and from a deserted house we could look down almost behind them. I thought that if the enemy had known of our danger, great havoc would have been done, as the party was made up of General Green, General MacArthur, their aides, and a few other high "mucky-mucks." Our object was to find location for our pieces and determine the strength of the enemy. Of course all these weeks of waiting, with exposure to all kinds of hardships—ants, mosquitoes, rain and short rations—had made the boys pretty impatient to move to Manila. The cry was: "On to Manila!" I knew the time for action was near, but could not tell them anything about it.

On another occasion, Lieutenant Vogler and myself lost the scouting party in the thick jungle that surrounds the town. We attempted to find it, wandering around 'till the sharp, nasty cracks of the Mausers and the "jing" of the needle bullets around our ears warned us that we were near the Spanish pickets. One ball passed between us and we both ducked. Vogler's duck was seen by me, but luckily he did not see mine, and I had the laugh on him. He said: "D—me if ever I duck again." A few seconds later, "whiz!" went another, but Vogler ducked again. So did I, but, as he was ahead of me, he did not see me. I looked very unconcerned and said: "I guess you will have to be d——, Lieutenant." However, in the engagements that followed Vogler did not duck, but seemed to find diversion in patting his stomach, while I grunted. I tell you this to show you

that this business of not ducking at the first bullets is nonsense, and the only thing that prevented our subsequent "ducks" was the reputation I had to uphold and the desire on his part not to fail again. But we had to do something.

A few days later we were ordered to move two pieces to the front from our battery (B), and two from battery A. The "camino real" was a few feet deep with mud. So you may imagine the labor we expended in moving these pieces. I wish I had a picture of the moving, to see again those big fellows in the pouring rain, covered with that heavy, black mud from head to foot, straining and heaving at the ropes when the wheels were sunk up to the hubs. Our two guns (1B and 2B) were moved up that day; the intrenchments were strengthened under a pitch fire from the enemy. A gun detachment was left at each piece for twenty-four hours. We had only six sections, so you may know what constant labor and exposure it meant for us. The intrenchments were a sea of mud. It rained all the time. We put up little temporary "stacks" for protection, but the rain would trickle through even a tarpaulin. I do not know what the object was in this move, as it seems to me infantry could have held the ridge until we were ready for the attack.

We realized that the strain on our men would be terrible, manning those guns every other night for any length of time. We had about ten days of it before we took Manila. On the first night an attack was made by the enemy in order to capture our four pieces. During the day everything was quiet, with the exception of the two picket lines, which kept snapping at each other all the time. The monastery on the right was shelled so it looked more like a sieve than anything else. Through the holes we could see the Spanish line, but the pickets soon discovered that we were picking at them, and watched those holes pretty carefully. I picked out a good safe hole and with glasses got a fair idea of what was before us. The enemy was thoroughly fortified by a series of sand-

bag intrenchments built low down, with no houses near to aid as marks for our artillery. Our position, on the other hand, seemed to me a poor one. Our intrenchments were of dirt only, and consequently the heavy rain kept washing them away constantly.

We were supported on the right and the left by the 10th Pennsylvania. After dark they threw out "outposts" forty or fifty yards to the front, who were to report any movement made. Everything was perfectly quiet. All one could hear was the murmur of the waves on our left and the dismal frogs croaking on our right, and the drip, drip of the never-ceasing rain. Two men were left on guard at each piece, and we rolled up in our wet blankets and fell asleep. At about 10 o'clock we were awakened by a sharp Mauser fire at our right flank, which ceased quickly. The right flank was at once strengthened at the expense of the left. This was what the Dons expected. Again everything was quiet and we lay down, although a few of us put on shoes and leggings. At about eleven a heavy volley fire opened up in our front, which was answered by our retreating outposts, who were moving back to report that the enemy was advancing. Sad to say, the 10th opened up before they were all in, and some were caught between two fires. By this time everything opened up along the line. Lieutenant Grow and myself saw the direction of the Pennsylvania fire (it was dark as pitch), and imagined the enemy nearer than was the fact, so we began emptying our six-shooters over the intrenchments.

That was really foolish, as we pushed aside two men armed with Springfields. Lieutenant Grow came to his senses first, put away his revolver, ordered me to do the same, and began to give orders. "Prepare for action," was the first. The Spanish artillery opened up fiercely, and immediately after the first shots and shells began to screech over us and explode everywhere. Our men were as cool as could be, and took up their positions at the piece as if we were at drill,

and waited for commands. The noise was terrific, and as Lieutenant Grow thought we might not have heard it, he ordered us to commence firing. "Load, ram; ready," says the gunner. "Fire!" says Grow. "Bang!" went the first gun, and a shrapnel, punctured at two seconds, went flying in the direction of the Malate fortifications. A cheer came up from the Pennsylvania boys when they heard that shot. By the flash of the exploding shells they could see the Spaniards being literally mowed down. At the same time the other pieces opened up, and we kept it up hot and heavy. Shells exploded right over us. One hit our magazine, but luckily did not explode. The Mauser fire was terrific and poured through our embrasure like hail. I don't understand how our gunner, Stewart, was not hit a thousand times. In the rear of the intrenchments the fire was worse, as the Spaniards were firing high. Shells were crashing through both houses. One exploded right behind us, scattering mud and dust all around us. Hudson was burnt on the back. At about this juncture Winkler was hit. Our gunner watched the flash of the Spanish guns and handled his piece accordingly, as it was too dark to use our sights. We fired until our piece became so hot that we were afraid to fire it again. We now had to pour water over it, and right here came one of the most dangerous moves we had to make—to go back a few hundred yards for water—clean well water. There was some hesitation among the men, but only for an instant. Brave Hudson grabbed the pail and started; we never expected to see him again. (Poor fellow, I wish he had been killed in that engagement, and not in the way he was, after it was all over! But I will tell you that later.)

After our gun had cooled we went at it again. We silenced two Spanish pieces, but their big gun still kept sending those moaning shells in our direction. The embrasure was hit and caved in around the gun. Up jumps Hudson through the embrasure, removes the obstruction and returns

to his post again, safe. He had taken off his shirt to use as a "swab," and it was a magnificent sight to see him work, with his stern, resolute face, and big muscles standing out like whip-cords. He was everywhere. The gun was sinking deeper and deeper in the mud; we were getting fagged out, and "by hand to the front" was no easy task. When the piece would stick so all efforts to bring it forward seemed of no avail, Hudson would literally pick it up out of the mud and step to the embrasure. I had a good chance to see everything, as I was carrying orders and getting information as to range, etc., from the other detachments. The gun on our left was doing splendid work under Gunner Share. He acted more like an umpire at a baseball game than anything else. When a shell struck home he yelled at the top of his voice, "One strike!" When they fell short or over, "The pitcher is wild," and expressions of a similar character. Snider, who is a native-born funny man, was funny through the whole of this trying scene. He was carrying ammunition from the magazine. When he wanted shrapnel he would say, "Corporal, give me a little bird-seed." When he wanted percussions he termed them "pills." The shells from the big six-inch Spanish guns he dubbed "the fast mail." The name could not have been more appropriate, as it made the noise of an express train when it went by. In subsequent engagements we always spoke of it in those terms. While I was running to Battery A's piece, to find out how the range was doing, a shell burst about twenty feet above my head. I noticed at the time how it burst, and thanked my stars the Spaniards did not shoot shrapnel. I also had an experience in going for water. I thought the bullets were singing within an eighth of an inch from my head and body; and, to tell the truth, I dodged right and left with my head and body, and, what is funny now, with my legs, for I felt the bullets in that neighborhood.

The 10th was rapidly getting out of ammunition, and gradually the beautiful volley firing which had kept the

Spaniards in check (we found out afterwards the enemy numbered about four thousand, while we were only a little over one thousand), became less and less strong, and at last, much to our dismay, the intrenchments, save for a few scattering shots became quiet. I saw the brave boys cursing their luck and looking at their empty cartridge belts. The Mauser fire sounded closer and closer. Then we began to use shrapnel punched at zero, which has the same effect as canister, and held their fire in check. But we, too, were running short of ammunition, and the sickening idea that we had to defend those guns with "six-shooters" came over us. The 10th boys had fixed bayonets. One fellow came to Major Cuspidis crying, "I have no ammunition, Major." "I know it," was the answer, "but you have your bayonet." For two hours we kept this up. Panting, exhausted, we prayed for reinforcements. At last we heard cheering to our rear, and the California regulars dashed to the intrenchments. What sweet music they made as their well-directed volleys rang out clear and strong. The enemy became discouraged and gradually retreated under a heavy fire from our pieces. Their fire became more and more scattered, their artillery ceased firing, and we were ordered to muster the little ammunition that was left us. A fact that I neglected to mention, is that some of the reinforcements planted themselves in an intrenchment directly to our rear and began plugging it to us, so we were between two cross fires. Luckily this happened after we had been ordered to cease firing, and we saved ourselves by lying flat on our faces in the mud.

The Spaniards heavily shelled the beach, the "camino real," and the open fields directly in front of our camp, so that it was a ticklish job to get reinforcements to us. As it was, some of our men fell while coming to our aid, but our (battery) boys succeeded in bringing a fresh supply of ammunition without receiving a scratch. When they arrived it was all over. You may be sure there was a great hand-shaking

going on, for one crazy fool belonging to the 11th had to run back to camp and reported that the battery had been wiped out.

We had repulsed the attack, our guns were safe, and with the exception of one man slightly wounded (Winkler) no one was hurt, I wish you could have seen me that morning, covered with mud from head to foot, my clothes torn, wet, and black with powder smoke. The exercise during the engagement kept us warm, but now I began to shiver in the wind and rain, so that no amount of blankets could keep me warm. There we shivered and chattered, waiting every minute for the enemy to rally and renew the attack, until we were relieved by new detachments in the morning.

The Pennsylvania was not as lucky—in fact our record has been the wonder of all. They lost about seven men and about twenty wounded.

Some very funny things happened. General Green came up with the reinforcements and began to ask some questions of one of Battery A's gunners, while he did so, standing at the embrasure very much exposed. The gunner pushed him aside, remarking, "Get away from the opening, you d——d fool." As it was dark, he did not know the General. I imagine the General understood the situation, for he did not reprimand him, but moved away from the opening.

The next day the gunner was told of the "break," and nearly keeled over.

The next day we strengthened our defences somewhat, but still they seemed inadequate. That night the Spaniards started at it again. By this time they had our range down to a point, and shells kept dropping around the guns in such a manner that, if they had been the quality of ours, our names would have been "nit." One struck a piece, glancing off without doing any damage. The sights were taken off of another, and they kept at it so long that I could name scores of times that we escaped as if by a miracle.

To make a long story short, for thirteen days we held our ground with orders not to fire our pieces, the infantry doing the skirmish work and repelling the sallies made at us night after night. The enemy shelled us night after night, doing a little damage to the infantry, but we were still left intact. I shall never forget one night when the wounded were brought to our magazine for attention. One poor fellow was blown to pieces by an exploding shell. A captain of the 14th Regulars pronounced the affair a regular "death trap."

The next day before the attack we moved up all of our pieces, ten in number, to the different trenches prepared for them. The fortifications for the two rapid-fire 8-inch pieces, however, were only half finished when we arrived there on the morning of the 14th. After pulling the piece through the heaviest mire imaginable, we had almost a half day's work before us, filling and placing sacks in position, which had to be done before ten o'clock. We worked with the mud up to our knees until ready to drop. I remember the last sack I carried, weighing about 130 pounds, made me totter and fall, pinning me down in the mud so that it had to be removed before I could get up. When we were about nearing the top, the insurgents drew the fire of the enemy in our direction by firing a few shots, and right here was where we got a scare, as the infantry had not yet arrived, and we imagined the Spaniards were trying to force the game by attacking this weak spot. Quickly we pulled our guns to the half-made embrasure and waited for further orders. The shelling lasted about a half hour, but it was a trying job to go on with the building under this fire. They quieted down, and at about 9 o'clock we were ready for action. We were to act as "masked battery," and were ordered to fire only if the enemy made any move in our direction. We had smokeless powder, and our position would have been hard to discover.

Dewey by this time had moved up, and at 10 o'clock sharp he opened up on the forts on our left with his six-inch

guns. Every shot told, and those situated on the left flank could see sand banks, stones and Spaniards flying in all directions. A little later the battery to the left of the "camino real" opened up with telling effect.

Now Dewey began to place his shells with wonderful accuracy in the Spanish trenches. We could hear his shells explode, sometimes only a hundred yards from us, then a few seconds later the boom of the gun. A detachment under Lieutenant Grow opened up on block house No. 14, where the Spaniards had mounted a machine gun, and in a few minutes blew it all to thunder. The artillery work from sea and land was so effective that the Spaniards did not fire a shot from their pieces which they had distributed along the line. Later we found them either dismounted or with purposely destroyed breech-blocks. With the artillery silenced, now was the time for the infantry, and our part of the battle was played. The Colorado regiment jumped over the intrenchments to make one of the prettiest charges ever made; the officers threw away their scabbards and rushed on with naked swords. On they went, firing volley after volley, crossing the streams by means of bamboo bridges which the engineers carried. The same was true all along the line. We could hear the volleys and cheers as they advanced, driving the enemy from trench to trench. The Spaniards were on the run now, and were fighting a losing fight. On through Malate went the Colorado boys, taking one by one the barricades built in the streets.

There was only one company that put up any stand. The latter was commanded by a big, sturdy Captain. When Col. Hale approached him, and in his best Ollendorf Spanish demanded a surrender, the answer came back, "Surrender? Nivver, not while a divvil of us is able to pull a trigger." The Spanish (?) Captain's nationality need not be told you. However, the brave Hibernian's men took to their heels when we charged the barricade, and the valiant officer was obliged

to "surrender." As Col. Hale expressed it, "The only Spaniard that showed fight was an Irishman."

By 2 o'clock the town was ours, and "Old Glory" floated on the Ayuntamiento (City Hall), where the defeated Dons were stacking their arms. By 2 o'clock also, our ten guns, with a plentiful supply of ammunition, were in readiness at Malate. This feat won the admiration of all the foreigners and Spaniards in Manila, as about 150 men did what sixty horses could not have done under the circumstances (twenty-fours to a piece being what we ought to have had according to regulations). You must take into consideration that we had had ten days of fighting, in mud up to our knees, and that for the last two days we had been pulling our pieces into position and rebuilding our intrenchments. Next morning we thundered through Manila at *double-quick time*, and took for our quarters the administration building. By 7 o'clock that night our commissary stores, tentage, caissons, battery-wagons—in short, our full equipment, was in Manila before the infantry had pulled a tent-pin. The men were pretty well fagged out. For my part, I was kept on the run interpreting for two or three days, till I was unstrung and as slow as a tired horse. But gradually dry quarters, bathing, &c., brought me back to my normal condition.

On the 24th of August, just as we were settling down to our new life, we received a severe shock. A detail of about twelve or fifteen men was sent to Cavite under Quartermaster-Sergeant Corey to get some clothing, which had been left there in order to lighten our knapsacks for the field operations. After the boxes had been loaded on the little steamer, and while the men were waiting for their departure, Sergeant Cory called Hudson aside and invited him to take a stroll about the town.

Hudson, who had spent all his life "on the range" and in mining camps, had those shooting proclivities exhibited by men of his type. Some native guards tried to stop his

onward course, and he began to remonstrate with them by firing his six-shooter in the air as a sort of punctuation to his remarks. The Filipinos took to their heels. At this juncture Corporal Anderson, a quiet, well-behaved Swede, ran to the scene, and while he was engaged in disarming Hudson, the Filipinos took courage and fired a volley into them. Hudson fell dead instantly, pierced through the heart. Corporal Anderson fell also, shot through the lung, and, we thought at the time, mortally wounded, but much to the surprise of the surgeons, he is recovering.

The news reached us the next day. We, who had gone through a hard campaign without losing a man, had, after the whole thing was over, lost one of the best men in the battery, a man who did not know what fear was, a man who, although rough-textured, was a man in every sense of the word. For his bravery on the memorable night of July 31st his name went to Washington. As a comrade he was beloved by all, as a soldier he won the admiration of both officers and men.

We buried Hudson with all the honors at our command, at Paco Cemetery, on the outskirts of Manila, a beautiful spot. When "taps" blew over that grave I saw many big fellows who had faced shot and shell unflinchingly rub their eyes with their coat-sleeves. The first man of the Utah Volunteers was in his last resting place.

Shortly after this occurred we moved to the Engineers' Barracks, at Masig, where Battery A had been quartered, and here we are still, leading a very monotonous life. As I feel now, I would rather be plain E. de Montalvo at home than Major-General in Manila. However, we cannot even think of going home until after the results of the meeting of the International Congress in Paris are made known.

Life here is so monotonous that I hate even to describe it. The heat is intense, and one has ambition for nothing whatever.

JAMES MAURAN RHODES, '97,
1st Troop Phila. City Cav.

Rhodes enlisted as a private in the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry U. S. V. Along with the others he was hustled to Mt. Gretna, on that memorable day in April, when, in a drizzling rain attended with snow he had his first experience of the hardships of army life. Here he remained until July 7th. Moved from Mt. Gretna, Pa., to Camp Alger, Va., on July 8th. Removed to Newport News, Va., July 24th. Sailed for Porto Rico, July 20th, on the transport "Massachusetts." Landed at Plaza de Ponce, August 3d. Reached Guayama, August 11th, escorting a wagon train there to General Brooke. Camped at Arroyo till August 13th; at Guayama, till August 24th. Arrived at Ponce on August 27th, sailed for New York on transport "Mississippi," reaching home September 3d.

CHARLES GORMAN RICHARDS, '97,
Y. M. C. A. work.

Was with the Pennsylvania Y. M. C. A. force, located with General Gobin's brigade at Camp Alger, Va.

ALBERT ROSENGARTEN, '97,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

After the blowing up of the "Maine" and the general condition of affairs seemed to point towards war, I joined Bat. A, Pa. Vol., as a private, and was at once instructed in the drills; shortly after war was declared we were called out and went into camp at Mt. Gretna, where we remained about two weeks; while here the writer was appointed Corporal.

We then were moved to Newport News, Va., where we watched the ship yard for two months, and were not molested except by the native mosquito.

We were all glad to receive orders for the front, and on the 8th of July, sailed in company with about 800 soldiers for Porto Rico, on the transport "Manitoba."

When we arrived off Puerto, a harbor of the island, our Captain not caring to wait for the Government Pilot, ran us in, to a reef from which we were finally taken off, and camped for a week around the Cathedral of the Harbor Town (Puerto), from there we were moved to the foothills, during this time the peace protocol was signed, and the time from there on passed so slowly that we were all glad to ship for home on the "Mississippi," arriving in New York September 5th.

As regards our experience, although we were not in active service we had a good chance to see the impracticability of the volunteer system, and attribute much of the sickness to lack of management due to the incapability of volunteer officers.

WALTER A. SEYMOUR, '97,
Astor Battery.

Doubtless you have already been informed through the newspapers how I was slightly wounded in the hand during the recent battle before Manilla, in which engagement our army suffered a loss of three killed and seven wounded. After a brief sojourn here, during which much time was spent in getting located and not a little in recovering from the effects of the enervating climate, the long-looked-for opportunity at last came. We moved from the camp to the front very unexpectedly Friday noon, and took our position on the extreme right flank, near the field hospital. Here we spent the night. Saturday morning, while we were eating our breakfast, the trouble began. Shot and shell fell all about us. We were quickly ordered under cover, and those of us who had not yet gotten their breakfast did not linger long enough to appease our hunger. The crash of the bullets through the woods and an occasional explosion of a shell added greatly to our celerity of movement. We soon found what we thought

was a safe spot. A little later the fire slackened. Now with four guns we made our way by rough by-paths through dense undergrowth, and soon found ourselves at the trenches, where we took up our position, supported only by native infantry. No. 1 gun was quickly unlimbered and soon a shell was sent crashing through the enemy's intrenchments, about 250 yards away. Our gun, No. 3, was ready next. We were stationed about twenty yards in front of No. 1 (a little to the left), and under a native hut, where it was impossible to stand upright without the protection of the intrenchments. In a short time we were paying our respects to the enemy with all due propriety and dispatch. The opposition evidently noticed our warm, fraternal greeting, for after we had fired about fifteen rounds we had a return call in the shape of a well-directed shell. It passed right through the wheels of the piece, knocking out two spokes. The force of the concussion threw me backward over the trail, and the splinters from the shattered wheel struck me in the back of the right hand. My left hand was also cut a little and I received two small scratches on the face. Two of the fellows helped me to the hospital, where my hands were dressed, and there I stayed for some time, recovering from the effects of the shock, which dazed me considerably.

After I left the scene of action the Spaniards retreated from the intrenchments at which we were firing, and our boys took the guns up the roads after them at a run, even leading the infantry, which is usually supposed to be first in such cases. They had advanced some little distance when they found the Spanish again intrenched in a very strong position across a narrow road. The guns were wheeled around and the battery started to open fire, but the breeches had become clogged with sand and mud so that it was impossible to use them. At this point the infantry retreated on account of the fierceness of the fire, for the bullets were coming down the road in a perfect rain.

General MacArthur, chief of our brigade, seeing the demoralized condition of affairs, called for a Captain volunteer to lead a charge and carry the earthworks by storm. Our Captain pulled out his revolver and about thirty of our fellows dashed up the road, the men firing their pistols as they ran, but the enemy's position was so strong and their fire so fierce, that the men had to stop about one-hundred yards from the Spanish line and get under cover. In a few minutes more our fellows tried again, and this time had no trouble, as the Spaniards fled to the city, where our army immediately followed. Most of the fighting was done on the right flank, the left of the line entering the city some three hours before. That night we were in full possession, and the next day had a chance to walk about and see the city.

FRED V. V. SHAW, '97,
Co. A, 71st N. Y. Vol. Inf.

We left our armory, at Thirty-fourth street and Park Avenue, on the 2nd day of May, proceeding to Camp Black, Hempstead, L. I., where we were mustered into the U. S. service on the 11th. Three days later we received our orders to move south, our destination being Lakeland, Fla. After a two weeks' encampment at Lakeland we proceeded to Tampa, where the Fifth Army Corps were being assembled previous to their embarkation on the transports for Cuba. We made up part of the First Brigade of the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps, under Major-General Shafter. We left Tampa for Port Tampa on the 5th of June, and were aboard the boat assigned us the following night. The transport which we had, was, I should judge, one of the best of the thirty-odd sent with our expedition. I don't mean in point of comfort, for our quarters were the same as the rest of the troops had, but she would strike one as being more seaworthy. For eight days we sweltered under a Florida sun, anchored in the bay, and when we finally weighed anchor, on the evening of the

14th, we were in the best of spirits. We were subject to the severest discipline aboard the boat, and as the trip became so monotonous a great many men naturally chafed at orders we were subject to. But there was always some one who would take them in hand and enliven things, so that, during the entire trip, we really had but one thing to "kick at," and that was the dreadful grub and water we had to put up with. The transport fleet, once it was under way, was a sight never to be forgotten. The transports steamed in three distinct columns, with the battleship "Indiana" leading one, and two cruisers the other two. We were flanked by the "Cincinnati," "Detroit," "Wasp," "Castine," "Hornet," "Wilmington," "Helena," "Wampanatuck," and two torpedo boats. Several times the fleet would heave to while one of the cruisers would steam away in search of some of the enemy's boats, which we afterwards learned were supposed to be lurking along the Cuban coast to intercept us. Finally, on the 21st, we were off the entrance to the harbor of Santiago, and for the first time saw how effectually a port may be blockaded. The following day some troops were landed at Baiquiri, about eight miles east of Siboney, which was afterwards made our base of supplies. There was a small Spanish force there, which was totally routed by a few shells from our gunboats, which were also called upon to render the same service at Siboney, where we made our landing on the night of the 23rd. All the troops were landed in surf boats, which were towed as near shore as possible, when we jumped into the surf and waded ashore. Every man had his roll, consisting of a blanket, poncho and half of a "pup tent," or shelter tent, ninety-five rounds of ammunition, rifle, canteen and haversack, containing three days' rations. We started to disembark at 11:30 P. M., assisted by the powerful searchlight of the auxiliary cruiser "St. Louis," and had all our men ashore by 2 A. M. Other transports were unloading during the entire night and for the greater part of the next day. Fires

were built to enable the men to dry themselves, so that there was little or no sleep for any one that night. Early the next morning General Wheeler's division of cavalry came in from Baiquiri, where they had landed the day before, and after a brief halt were marched up the two trails leading toward Santiago, the First and Tenth (colored) Cavalry taking what was termed the valley trail, and the Rough Riders, under Colonel Wood, taking the mountain trail. These two trails joined at a distance of three and a half miles back, where it is supposed the Spaniards had retreated when we landed at Siboney. I should judge it was about 10 o'clock when word came into Siboney for reinforcements, and we, together with four or five other regiments, were hurriedly sent forward to the assistance of those in advance. However, by the time we reached them our troops had succeeded in dislodging the enemy and driving them to Santiago. This was called the battle of Las Guasimas, and was the first chance our men had of showing the Spaniards how the American soldiers fight. Every one knows how a few of our men dislodged and put to rout an enemy that was strongly intrenched and numerically stronger. The next few days we were busily engaged in unloading supplies and ammunition, which had to be brought up to the beach in small boats, owing to the fact that there was no wharf or pier. This necessitated our stripping and wading out into the surf, carrying the boxes ashore on our bare shoulders; all this while exposed to the tropical sun in the latter part of June, so naturally we suffered severely from sunburn. The following Monday we moved up the trail to a point about four miles from the Spanish outposts and assisted in making roads to enable us to bring up our artillery. While in the field every man has his rations issued to him individually, and is his own cook. As the ration was invariably the same—namely, salt pork, hardtack and coffee, no one had much of an opportunity to display his genius in the culinary line. Finally, Thursday night, we received

orders to break camp the following morning at 3 o'clock. Every one was up and we were ready to march at 3:45. The heavy rains which were accustomed to make their appearance every afternoon had made the trail a veritable quagmire; thus as we dragged ourselves along through the swampy places and over the rough hills, with an occasional stream to ford, a fellow had plenty of opportunity to relieve his feelings. Our brigade was halted about a mile from El Pozo Hill, where Grimes' Battery was hammering away at the block-house on the crest of San Juan hill, while the war balloon was being sent up across the way. About half an hour later our orders came to advance, and, slowly moving along the narrow trail two by two, until we had passed around and under El Pozo, where we heard the first whistle of the Mauser, we were ordered to throw off our rolls. Nearly every one dropped his haversack at the same time. Being lightened of our rolls, we could advance much more rapidly, but had not gone far when we came to a spot where the trail turned to the left, taking us through an impenetrable jungle, it being impossible to see twenty feet on either side. The enemy had sharp-shooters stationed in the trees on both sides, so that they had a cross-fire on us, but the fact that they used smokeless powder, together with the thick undergrowth, made it impossible to determine where they were located; besides, our orders were to advance until we reached a stream, where we were to deploy on the left of the Sixth Infantry regulars. Once we were halted under this fire to permit the Gatlings to pass, which were being brought up from the rear, and several of our men were wounded during this halt. Owing to the fact that this trail had never been reconnoitered, we stopped again while the Colonel sent his orderly ahead to locate our position. He returned in a few moments, stating that the stream was about sixty yards further on. Just as he made his report I was shot through the side of the left leg, and for the moment my foot was paralyzed. I was, therefore,

assisted a short distance to the rear, where I procured a first-aid package and had my leg bound up. The trail was now filled with men hobbling back; some were lying there dead, others dying, while the few hospital corps men who had advanced that far were doing their best to dress the wounds of those who were badly hit. Procuring a "Krag" from a regular who was dead, and throwing away my Springfield, I went up in search of my regiment. When I reached the firing line I found myself with the Sixth Infantry, where I remained the rest of the day. We lay on the bank chiefly volley-firing at their intrenchments, but there was nothing to shoot at, except when a straw hat bobbed up; that was a signal for every man to fire. We were, of course, unable to determine the effect of our firing until we made the charge in the afternoon, when we saw the Spaniards piled four and five deep in the trenches. In the charge up the hill there were no formations. Regiments and companies were all mingled in with one another in an indescribable manner. After the capture of the blockhouse, and while we were halted and deployed on the crest of the hill, I was shot through the right ankle, having previously received a second scratch on the left leg. The feeling as the bullet passed through my ankle was a sharp pain for a moment, and then, as my ankle began to swell, it was paralyzed, so that I did not suffer any, with the exception of my inability to use it. The hospital was about four and a half miles to the rear, and as there were no means of transportation, I, in company with a fellow who was wounded in the left leg, had to depend on our hands and knees. When we reached the trail we were again targets for the invisible sharp-shooters, so that the excitement was as great as when we were advancing, if not greater. At times, while we were resting, the bullets would be striking all around us, showing that the enemy were not as bad marksmen ashore as afloat. Frequently we saw men, returning as we were, shot again and again, and once I saw a man in a litter shot,

as well as one of the men who were assisting in carrying him. After reaching the division hospital we were placed in army wagons and sent over the mountains to Siboney, a distance of eight miles, the travelling of which consumed twelve hours. This was owing to the fact that the wagons jammed in the trail by meeting another wagon coming up, and also the mules stampeded once upon hearing some shots fired, throwing out several men, of whom I was one. I reached Siboney Saturday morning, and was kept there until Tuesday, the 5th, when, with 322 other men, I was put aboard the transport "Cherokee" and sent, as we supposed, to Key West. When we arrived at Key West, Friday afternoon, we received orders to proceed to Port Tampa, but did not receive any rations, and, as we were now out, we had to make the best of it until we reached Port Tampa, Saturday evening at 6:30. Again disappointment awaited us, as the hospital train did not come down for us until Sunday morning at 5 o'clock. But when they came they had nothing aboard, so we had to wait until we ran into Tampa, at 8 A. M., when we received all that the soldiers who had been left behind had to give. Here it was that I got the first potato and fresh meat since leaving, the first week in June, and it was then the 11th of July. If you could only realize how good the potato was, I am sure you would forgive the fact of my dwelling on it. The train, after being wrecked at High Springs, Fla., at midnight on Sunday, reached Fort McPherson, Ga., about 4 P. M. Monday. After being here two days I had my first bath since the 26th of June, and such luxuries were beginning to make me feel civilized once more. Two weeks more I was marked "able to travel," and received a sixty-day furlough, and reached home the 27th day of July, considerably thinner than when I left, and a little lame. Since I returned I have gained twenty-seven pounds, and my ankle, although still weak and causing me to limp a little, is rapidly getting strong, so that it will, I believe, be as

strong as ever. Although my regiment has lost over 100 men from wounds and fever, I can truthfully say I am proud to have been a member of it, and, from the reception which we received on our return to our armory, I am sure the people of New York appreciated our humble efforts to defend our country's flag. Notwithstanding all the criticism that has been made concerning the unnecessary hardships which the troops of the Santiago campaign were compelled to undergo, you must bear in mind that when men go to the front they must expect hardships, and, expecting them, they are not surprised at the many little things which cannot be foreseen, and therefore obviated. I am sure that any man who was in the Cuban campaign will readily testify to the same thing.

L. H. SHEARER, '97,
Y. M. C. A.

My summer of 1898 was spent with the United States Army at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga., whither I went about the middle of June to help, as far as I could, in the Y. M. C. A. work there.

This work, like many kindred organizations in the army, had for its purpose the alleviation of the hardships which Uncle Sam's boys endured, and in counteracting, as far as possible, the temptations which surround the life of an army in camp. It was largely humanitarian in character, although, of course, it was accompanied by much distinctively religious work.

I had the task of caring for one of the "reading-room tents" (60x40 feet), which was supplied with daily papers, magazines, religious papers, checkers, chess, carroms, etc. Paper, ink and pens were supplied to the soldiers gratuitously. A small circulating library of about forty volumes, and a "post office" constituted part of the equipment. I have, in one day, sold postage stamps to the amount of seventy-two

dollars' worth, and handled from one thousand to twelve hundred pieces of outgoing mail.

The soldiers showed their appreciation of the tent by their constant presence. The chaplain held two regular Sunday services and one week-day service.

My business hours lasted from 5:30 A. M. to 10 P. M., without much intermission, so you see I didn't idle away much time. Besides the general duties connected with the tent, I was considered a walking bureau of information, and at times even an amanuensis for some of those unable to write—at least to write English. Love letters were the usual form of correspondence required.

Of course I "experienced" the regulation inconveniences incident to camp life. I slept at times in tents some of which leaked from above, some from below. In the latter instance, I found it necessary to attach rocks to my few belongings to keep them from being washed away by the stream which ran, at a depth of six inches, through my sleeping apartment.

Occasionally I "dined" on hard tack and coffee, and sometimes not at all. Needless to say, our appetites were not always increased by the sights that were sometimes forced upon us. I remember one day seeing, travelling along a dusty road, two large open wagons piled extremely high with chunks of bacon (mostly fat). Directly upon the topmost chunks sat the colored drivers, each with his feet propped against chunks a little lower down.

I found it necessary before completing my course in army life to spend a few days in a camp hospital. I received the very best of care, and left the place favorably impressed. I really think I was very fortunate to fall into such good hands, for some of the hospitals there were far from inviting places. I trust, however, you did not believe in all the terrible newspaper stories relating to Camp Thomas. They were, I know, in many cases inconceivably exaggerated.

Not the least of my experiences was my association with so many men of such varied types and classes. This was for me really an education in itself. Most of the time I messed with the regimental officers. Thus I obtained some idea of an officer's life as well as a private's. I always received from every one the most courteous treatment.

You cannot imagine how pleasant it seemed to run across Princeton men now and then at Chickamauga. I assure you, we never needed any introduction when our college affiliations became known.

I returned home early in September, after spending a summer that I shall never regret. However, I am glad to get back to my medical studies again. I left camp just in time to escape typhoid, in which I am very fortunate.

ALFRED OSCAR ANDERSSON, Ex '97,
War Correspondent.

Andersson, as war correspondent, representing a combination including some of the leading newspapers in the West, contributed a series of interesting articles upon the operations at the front. From the excellence of his style, the entertaining manner in which the facts are presented, and the amount of personal experience they disclose, they are interesting reading.

At the time war was declared, Andersson was engaged in a journalistic capacity with the "Kansas City World," but accepted a position as war correspondent for the Scripps-McRae League, and was at Chickamauga, April 15th to May 14th; at Mobile, May 14th to 21st; at Tampa, May 21st to June 20th, when he was ordered to Santiago. After spending six days on board the "Olivette," sailing orders were countermanded, as the league had made different arrangements, and he returned home to become assistant city editor of the "Kansas City World." On the 8th of August he was summoned to Cincinnati by the league and sent at once to

Porto Rico, sailing from New York on the "Concho," August 13th, and arriving at Porto Rico on the 20th. Andersson's correspondence is published in the "Cleveland Press," "Cincinnati Post," "St. Louis Chronicle," "Kentucky Post," and "Kansas City World."

ARTHUR FLETCHER CASSELS, Ex '97,
Second Lieut. 7th U. S. Art.

Second Lieutenant in Battery Q of the Seventh Artillery. Was stationed at Fort Slocum, N. Y., all summer.

RICHARD EVERITT DWIGHT, Ex '97,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

Enlisted as a private in Battery A, Pa. U. S. V. Saw service in Porto Rico.

FRANK WARNER EMMONS, Ex '97,
Third Hospital Div., 7th Corps.

In July, '98, he enlisted as a private in the Hospital Division of the regular army, and expected to go to Porto Rico with the army of invasion, but he arrived with his division too late to enter the service, and was assigned to the Third Hospital Division, Seventh Army Corps, under General Lee. He was soon after promoted on a competitive examination to the rank of acting hospital steward, and assigned, under the head steward, to be in charge of the operating tent. He was acting in that capacity when the last report was received from him. He was expecting, however, to be promoted very soon to the rank of steward, the major of the division having recommended him for such promotion. He writes also that his division was awaiting orders to get ready to go to Cuba with the army of occupation.

He expects after obtaining some practical experience through this service, to complete his course in medicine, and possibly to enter the army as a surgeon.

ALBERT C. FULTON, EX '97,
1st Conn. Vol. Inf.

I enlisted with the 1st Conn. Vol. Inf. at the first call for Volunteers., and was with that regiment just five months.

We saw no active service, as the regiment was at Camp Alger most of the time.

Previous to going to Camp Alger the regiment was divided up for coast defense, and Co. K, with which Co. I enlisted, was assigned to duty at Portland, Me. We were there about six weeks and the regiment was then reunited and sent to Camp Alger, where we remained until about Sept. 15.

I was a private when I enlisted and unlike some other great soldiers I was a "private" when I was discharged.

From my "discharge" I copy the following:
 "Albert C. Fulton—

Enlisted May 7th, '98. Honorably discharged, because of the mustering out of the regiment, and paid in full \$35.40, Oct. 31st, 1898."

EDWARD B. KENT, EX '97,
U. S. S. Badger.

I enlisted in the New Jersey Naval Reserves at Hoboken on May 22d, and on May 27th was sworn into the United States service as a landsman on the U. S. S. "Badger." We left New York on June 7th, and after patrolling the New England coast until June 26th, were ordered south. We arrived off Havana July 4th, and from then until August 20th we were engaged in blockade work. On July 5th, with the "Hawk" and "Castine," we pursued and destroyed the "Alphonso XIII," and also destroyed the sand batteries at Mariel. In this engagement I was slightly wounded in the shoulder.

On July 26th, off Nuevitas, we captured three Spanish ships and destroyed the auxiliary tug-boat Yumuri. August 8th town of Nuevitas surrendered to us. August 10th we

were ordered to Guantanamo to join Watson's Spanish squadron. August 20th we were sent north, and after lying at Boston and League Island yards, were mustered out of the service on the 7th of October.

WILLIAM E. K. MITTENDORF, M. D., Ex '97,
Acting Asst. Surg. U. S. A.

I was mustered into regular service early in August, 1898. On the completion of the U. S. hospital ship, Missouri, I was assigned to duty on this ship, ranking as First Lieut., and remained with the ship until the end of the war. We made our maiden trip to Santiago where we remained two weeks, and then returned with over three hundred of Gen. Shafter's sick and wounded whom we brought to Camp Wikoff. We then made trips to Ponce, Mayaguez and Arroyo in Puerto Rico, carrying the sick and wounded back to the States. We then went to Savannah under General Lee, and went with him to Havana where we were stationed as a receiving ship in the harbor. After receiving our share of the sick we returned to Savannah where I left the service after the formal surrender of Havana by the Spaniards.

Mittendorf's position as Surgeon in the Army brought him into contact with much that would make interesting reading.

Dr. Mittendorf graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, in June 1898. He writes that he has distinguished himself chiefly in escaping newspaper censure.

WILLIAM W. SILVEY, Ex '97,
2d N. J. Vol. Inf.

Was with N. J. Volunteers at Jacksonville.

ROBERT S. BROOKS, '98,
First Lieut. 2nd U. S. Vol. Eng.

I left Princeton early in May, enlisted as a private in Company C, Second N.J.V. Infantry, at Sea Girt, New Jersey.

I went with that regiment to Jacksonville, Fla., where I was engaged in camp engineering for the Seventh Corps. Late in June I was discharged and appointed First Lieutenant of Engineers (2nd U. S. V. Engr's). About this time I was stricken with an almost fatal attack of swamp fever. A thirty-day leave was granted, during which I partially recovered. In September I reported to my Colonel at Camp Wikoff, Montauk, Long Island, and was assigned to Company A. From Montauk we came via U. S. transport "Michigan" to Savannah, Georgia, and I once more found myself in the Seventh Corps.

Early in November five of our officers were detached and sent to Cuba, among them my Captain.

I was then officially assigned to the command of Company A.

About the end of November we came via Port Tampa, which is within the city limits of Havana.

Fortunately, Company A got off the lighter and on to the landing first; thus it can be truthfully said that a Princeton man was in command of the first company of United States troops that landed in the Province of Havana.

JAMES H. CALDWELL, JR., '98,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

Left College May 4th, and enlisted at Mt. Gretna as a private in Light battery A, Pennsylvania Volunteer Artillery, of Philadelphia, May 6th, 1898.

Was moved to Newport News May 10th, where we were stationed to guard the ship yards.

June 12th, received five days' furlough and returned to Princeton and received diploma with my class.

August 5th, sailed on transport "Manitoba" for Porto Rico under General Grant. August 12th, landed at harbor of Ponce. Was stationed in mountains until September 3rd, then sailed for America on transport "Mississippi."

Landed at New York September 10th, went to Philadelphia, and was given two months' furlough. Received my discharge November 19th, 1898, at Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN COATES, '98,

First Troop Phila. City Cav.

June 11th. Enlisted as private in First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, U. S. V., and went to Camp Hastings, Mt. Gretna, Pa.

July 7th. Moved to Camp Alger, Va.

July 24th. Moved to Newport News, Va.

July 28th. Sailed on transport No. 22, "Massachusetts," for Porto Rico.

While in Porto Rico was in General Brooke's corps.

Returned September 3rd. Sailed from Ponce on "Mississippi;" arrived in New York September 10th.

Mustered out of U. S. V. service November 14th.

EUGENE T. DEWITT, '98,

First U. S. Vol. Eng.

Was a private in Company B, 1st Regt. U. S. Vol. Eng., and served three months in Porto Rico.

WILLIAM WILSON DRAKE, '98,

Troop A, N. Y. Vol. Cav.

As a private in Troop A, N. Y. Cavalry, he was first at Camp Black and later at Camp Alger. Embarked from Newport News for Porto Rico. Landed at Ponce and served with his troop as escort to General Miles. He was detached for service in paymaster's guard, and travelled as far as Guamo.

He speaks enthusiastically of the climate of Porto Rico, and makes light of the hardships he suffered.

HARRISON HALL, '98,
Second Lieut. 5th U. S. Art.

On leaving Princeton early in June, I took a position in the Quartermaster's Department at Chickamauga; was ordered to New York the latter part of June, for examination for commission in the regular army; commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Artillery, and assigned to Battery O, Fifth U. S. Artillery, July 9th, stationed at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., where I have since been.

RALPH W. HENCH, '98,
Corp. First U. S. Vol. Eng.

I enlisted on the 6th of July, going into camp at Peekskill, N. Y., was assigned to Company I, and mustered in as first-class private. After about four weeks of instruction, my regiment sailed to Porto Rico on the transport Chester, arriving there about the 12th of August. Was promoted to be Corporal about September 1st.

While in Porto Rico my battalion was most of the time part of the garrison of the city of Ponce. We left the island on the transport Minnewaska, reaching New York, November 25th. We were then given two months' furlough and mustered out on January 25th, 1899.

JAMES M. HITZROT, '98,
Troop A, Md. Vol. Inf.

I enlisted in Troop A, Md. N. G., in May, 1898. The troop was not called out on duty of any kind, so that I have no record to give.

JAMES ROWLAND HUGHES, '98.
Second N. J. Vol. Inf.

Enlisted in Company G, Second New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, at Sea Girt, New Jersey, on May 10th, 1898.

The regiment was placed in the Seventh Army Corps under General Lee, at Jacksonville, Florida, and remained at that place until ordered home for mustering out, which took place at Paterson, New Jersey, November 21st, 1898.

I was a private through the entire term of my service.

ADDISON W. KELLY, '98,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

BURT H. LEONARD, '98,
Tenth Pa. Vol. Inf.

He is in Company I, Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Manila. He enlisted last June and went to Manila with the company. When last heard from, he was sick with malarial fever.

The following abstract of a letter written to a friend is of interest:

"Manila is an old city, half Spanish, half native, and woefully out of date. Streets are haphazard and crooked, continually varying in width and poorly paved and drained. No sewer system exists, and only modern means of draining low-lying, flat cities is feasible. Property rights are not carefully preserved, and there will be any amount of work for a young lawyer when our government gets into good working order. If public improvements are out of date, so are the business interests. Imagine the chance for Americans to compete with Spanish and native merchants, who do not carry good stock, do not advertise, and act like lords when you call out your business, and if they have not exactly what you wish they turn away, neither offering a substitute nor seeking your further wishes. There are only two common carriers, the Manila horse-car line and the Manila and Dagupan Railway, extending to Dagupan on the coast about one hundred and twenty miles north. What an opportunity for American capital to develop the transportation facilities,—

capital, yes, capital has all the chance in the Philippines. Where young fellows like ourselves without capital have an opportunity I don't know, unless it will be in government positions. Slow transportation is accomplished by means of the caribou or water buffalo attached to a two-wheeled cart. Passengers move in the two-wheeled *carremato* drawn by undersized horses. But the bulk of goods is carried by the Chinese and natives on the shoulders by means of poles. In this way four men will bring a wagon-load of hay; in this way rice, sugar, household furniture, wood, almost everything is carried. I have seen four men carrying a piano by means of two poles. Two will carry a pig to market, the pig's feet tied together and a pole run through. Once I shouldered a pole from which was suspended two piles of wood, but I couldn't manage it, although it was only a boy, who was bearing it to market. Such are the transportation methods.

"Such a thing as 'one price' does not exist. If you intend to buy anything you must haggle with the seller. If you do not accept it at his price he is rather disappointed. I know for one, I should prefer to deal with Americans.

"There is little need to write more of opportunities. You can see how a man of modern genius could not but succeed in the high classes of work and in the professions. Native labor is abundant and cheap, but it is seldom skillful with instruments, and, although intelligent to a certain point, beyond that could not compete with the average American. But those things which are going to be profitable are rice, sugar and coffee production, and after all, as is the case in the Hawaiian Islands, capital is the thing. Native and Chinese labor will assist it well enough.

"I doubt whether the money earned will compensate for the disadvantages. Imagine being cut off from society, even from English speaking people. One of the reasons why the war fever died out in many was that commencement week was near at hand."

HERBERT McDERMOTT, '98.

Y. M. C. A. Tent, 2nd N. J. Vol.

May 26th. Left College for Sea Girt, N. J., to act as assistant secretary in the Y. M. C. A. tent of the Second New Jersey Volunteers. A week later, accompanied the Second New Jersey to Jacksonville, Fla., and there held the position of associate secretary.

A short time after my arrival my associate and I, under the supervision of the Army and Navy Christian Commission, were put in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work of a brigade, of which the Second New Jersey was a member.

August 1st, my associate having to give up the work on account of ill health, I took charge of the work of the brigade.

September 7th. Resigned to return to Princeton to enter the Theological Seminary, and the same day the Second New Jersey, which I had accompanied to Florida, and with which I was most closely connected in my work, received official notice that they would soon be mustered out.

WILLIAM M. SCOTT, '98,

First U. S. Vol. Eng.

Enlisted in Philadelphia, Co. B 1st U. S. Vol. Eng., on June 22nd, 1898. Left Peekskill for Puerto Rico on August 5th. Arrived at Ponce on August 14th. Reached New York on Nov. 26th, and was mustered out of service January 25th, 1899.

THOMAS J. SKILLMAN, '98,

Corporal Co. B, 1st U. S. Vol. Eng.

Was stationed at Camp Townsend, Peekskill, for a short time, then sent to Porto Rico, reaching that place on August 15th. The First Battalion, to which I belonged, then left Ponce and moved inland about twenty miles to a place called Coamo. While there we repaired three bridges that

the Spanish had blown up. The other battalions repaired military roads, forts, and built an ice plant and reservoir for the hospital at Ponce.

We were on the island three months, leaving there November 18th on transport "Minnewaska."

HAROLD P. SMITH, '98,

Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

Harold Perry Smith served with Battery A, Pennsylvania Light Artillery, during their Porto Rican campaign. He became sick upon the transport "Mississippi," which left Porto Rico on September 3rd. Immediately upon his arrival in New York he was taken to his home in Nyack, and seemed to be improving. On September 12th he had a violent relapse, and died about 3 o'clock that afternoon.

Mr. Smith was born in 1877. He prepared for college at Sedgwick Institute, Great Barrington, Mass. While in college he was one of the popular men in his class, and a member of the 'Varsity Glee Club for three years.

ALEX. M. STEWART, JR., '98,

Battery A, Penn. Vol. Art.

I was a private in Light Battery A, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Enrolled May 6th to serve two years or during the war. Discharged at Philadelphia, Pa., November 19th, 1898.

Left the United States on August 5th, 1898, on expedition to Porto Rico, and returned September 10th, same year.

A. E. COMSTOCK, EX '98,

71st N. Y. Vol. Inf.

I served as a private in Company C of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers. Was in the battle of Las Guasimas

(support) on June 24th, '98; also in the charge on San Juan hill, July 1st, '98; the siege of Santiago on the 10th and 11th of July, '98, and present at the surrender of Santiago, July 17th, '98. Returning to Camp Wikoff, thence home on furlough of sixty days, and finally mustered out of the U. S. service, November 15th, '98.

E. L. D. BRECKINRIDGE, Ex '98,
Second Lieut. U. S. A.

W. DEWITT, M.D., Ex '98,
Surgeon U. S. A.

MARK E. EVANS, Ex '98,
First Wisc. Vol. Inf.

At Jacksonville, Fla., during the war. Has recently recovered from a violent attack of typhoid fever. Was a private in Co. M, 1st Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry.

He writes: "While at Jacksonville I saw Hughes, Brooks and McDermott, of my class, frequently. McDermott was attached to the 2nd N. J. (in which Brooks and Hughes were privates), in connection with a Y. M. C. A. commission. He deserves credit for his work there. Most of the fellows were only too glad to keep out of the heat, but McDermott was out in it day after day working up to the limit. It was a pleasure to meet him, for he was always in a good humor, and he must have been invaluable when the 2nd N. J. had more than 250 men unfit for duty with typhoid and malaria. Hughes and Brooks practically superintended the construction of the corps rifle range.

RUSSELL W. HOWLAND, Ex '98,
U. S. S. Yankee.

R. H. JAMISON, Ex '98,
10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

Is with Co. I in his regiment at Manila.

E. F. WETZELL, Ex '98,
4th Batt. U. S. Naval Reserves.

JAMES H. NORTHRUP, '99,
Y. M. C. A., 3rd N. J. Vol. Inf.

I was with the Third New Jersey Volunteers from June 1st to September 1st, not as an enlisted man, but as a representative of the Y. M. C. A. of New Jersey.

First, I spent seven weeks at Sandy Hook with the Second and Third Battalions of the regiment. The remaining time I was at Pompton Lakes, N. J., where the regiment mobilized before going to Georgia.

My work consisted of keeping a tent in order for writing, supplying stationery and reading matter, keeping the ice water tank filled, visiting the sick in the hospital tent and getting them proper food, umpiring baseball games between different companies, teaching a Bible class of soldiers, doing personal work among them, conducting gospel meetings under the big tent nightly, and occasionally addressing the regiment assembled in front of the Colonel's tent, Sunday mornings, in the Chaplain's absence.

JOHN R. BREWER, Ex '99,
10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

MALOLOS, P. I., April 12, 1899.—I will attempt to describe the manœuvres of the 2d Division, 8th Army Corps, during the closing days of March. It was a bushwhacking campaign from start to finish, for which the country between Malolos and Manila is well adapted. The country is interspersed with deep streams at intervals of about every two to three miles. The vegetation is very dense along their banks, and as regularly as we would come to one of these streams we would find the enemy entrenched on the far bank and we would have a very interesting time until we could find some means of getting across and dislodging them. The country

between these streams is perfectly level and open, and, of course, no resistance was offered in it. We grew to dread every clump of trees, and when we saw the tree line extending as far as the eye could reach we knew we were up against it. As soon as we would come within range (2000 yards) the enemy would open up on us and it was magnificent to see that long line of brown sweep steadily onward. No one wavering, all pressing forward in the face of a fire that I do not believe many armies in the world could have withstood. But these fellows just went on as if it was some piece of business with which they were perfectly familiar and a thing which they had been doing all their lives. Then when we would come to within 100 yards of the trees, the bugle would blow the charge and away we would go on the run to find ourselves on the banks of a stream with the enemy blazing away from the other side. A bridge would be found, or some boats, and over we would go to find the enemy gone and nothing in sight for miles. They seemed to drop into the ground. One minute they would be shooting at you and the next they would have mysteriously disappeared. Then would come another stretch of open country, then another wood, another stream, more shooting, no enemy to be found after we had crossed it. This repeated from hour to hour and day to day was extremely monotonous, especially when all you get to eat for a whole day was one half pound of salmon and two or three hardtack. One day my share of the rations was one hardtack and two spoonfuls of the canned beef they are raising such a howl about back in the states. Do not think I am complaining, such things can't be helped when an army is advancing as rapidly as we went. It is nearly impossible for wagon trains, etc., to keep within five miles of us. Another hard thing to meet was the water question. The hot sun created terrific thirst, and it was no unusual thing for the fellows to drink three or four canteens of it a day. Nearly all the water is alkaline, and it was with the greatest

difficulty we could manage to get any water that would quench our thirst. If ever a well was found it was quickly emptied, yet through all these hardships the majority, in fact the great majority, kept their health, myself among the number. On the night of the 24th of March the division was arranged for the move to be made at 5 a. m., as follows: 3rd Brigade, Gen. Wheaton, left resting on the bay, in front of Caloocan; 13th Minnesota, 2nd Oregon, 22nd Regular, 3rd Regular. 1st Brigade, Gen. Otis; 20th Kansas, 1st Montana, 2nd Artillery acting as Infantry. 2nd Brigade, Gen. Hale; 10th Pennsylvania, 1st South Dakota, 1st Nebraska. 4th Brigade (to occupy the trenches which we were to leave) 1st Colorado, 4th Infantry; 2 Bat. 17th Infantry; 4th Cavalry was in charge of the wagon train and followed us. The line moved on Caloocan as a pivot.

The country through which the Tenth passed that day was different from that we afterward traversed. It was very mountainous and some places reminded me exactly of Devil's Den at Gettysburg. After we got started there was not much resistance offered the Tenth during the first day. The enemy seemed completely taken by surprise at our advance and hunted their holes with great swiftness. We made an eight mile advance that day, capturing Novaliches at about 4 p. m. We were then moved over near the Malabon water works, a little to the left of it to fill up a gap between Kansas and Montana. In fact it seemed to be impossible for regiments to keep in touch with each other that day. At one time we were lost from South Dakota, who were on our right, and had not been able to effect a junction with Montana on our left since early in the morning. At another time the companies of our own regiment became separated, and H and I were the only two which the Colonel could find. Things were straightened out that night and we went to sleep very weary but well satisfied with the start.

In the meantime Gen. Wheaton had taken Malabon and Polo, and pushed one regiment, the 22nd, within striking distance of Macawan.

The next day we moved into position with our left resting on the 22nd, and our right on the mountains, which shut in the valley in which Malolos is situated. This completed our pivotal movement and was accomplished at about 4 p. m. with very little resistance. Here in front of Macawan the battle of the day was fought. Nebraska had the right of the line, South Dakota was next, then the 10th Pennsylvania, Kansas with Montana on left, the 3rd Artillery was the support with Minnesota, Oregon, 22nd and 3rd in reserve. The enemy had a very strong trench right in front of the position occupied by our regiment, and they peppered it into us very lively while the Battery played upon their trenches in a vain attempt to dislodge them. I think the 20 minutes occupied in this performance was as miserable a time as I ever spent in my life.

Finally Gen. Hale, seeing he was accomplishing nothing with his artillery play, ordered us to charge and carry the trenches. Away we went, the enemy, about the same time, decided that they better report to Aguinaldo in person, and the rest of our work was very easy, Macawan was captured. We camped a little to the left of it that night, while South Dakota was pushed out about a mile in front of it, the rest of the army slept in the town, and so the morning of the 27th found us.

The advance was now made with South Dakota and Kansas on the firing line, Montana, 3rd Artillery, Nebraska and Pennsylvania with the 3rd Brigade in reserve. South Dakota got along all right till it struck the river near Marilao. Here the enemy had destroyed all the bridges and were in force on the opposite bank. The fighting lasted about two hours, when a Battalion of South Dakota swam the river, charged up the bank in the face of a terrific fire, and drove the enemy from their entrenchments. Meanwhile Obanganda

had been taken by Kansas, but their line was so far behind that of South Dakota that we in reserve were catching a bad cross fire from the enemy, so in co-operation with Kansas, our company was ordered to make a charge on a small town directly on our flank. When we got over to the place we found that the river makes a double bend and that Kansas was on the Manila side with the enemy on the other bank at about 25 yards range. We drew and held the enemy's fire till Kansas could get across the river in some boats which they had found, and then coming up in the enemy's rear they forced them to surrender 50 guns, 25 prisoners, 16 killed and 8 wounded; we then rejoined our regiment.

Meanwhile Marilao was captured, and at 4 p. m. the troops had been arranged for the night, with 3rd artillery on the left, then Montana, then Kansas, then South Dakota, then Nebraska. Pennsylvania was still held in reserve. When suddenly the insurgents made a charge with about 3000 men against the position held by Nebraska, who waited till they were within about 600 yards of them, and then started out after the gents and drove them about two miles. The slaughter was terrific. This advance of Nebraska made a gap in the line, and our regiment was brought up from the reserve and thrown in it. We never left the firing line from this time until Malolos was captured. South Dakota lost very heavily; they had four lieutenants killed, in addition to ten or twelve privates, with forty or fifty wounded.

Nothing was done on the 28th, and everybody was given a rest in order that we might be able to stand the hard work that was ahead of us.

Little did we know then how unlucky our Company was to be from this out, and that we had Bert Armhurst and Dan Stephens with us for the last day upon earth. Early on the morning of the 29th we again began an advance with all of the 1st and 2nd Brigades on the line except the 3rd Artillery, which was in reserve. Bigaa was captured after a good half

hour's fight, we then advanced very easily for about two miles, and as Gen. McArthur was very anxious to get within striking distance of Malolos that night, so that the campaign might end on the 30th, he changed the order of advance, putting Nebraska, Montana, 3rd Artillery and South Dakota in reserve and Kansas and Pennsylvania on the firing line. We advanced another two miles very rapidly and captured Guiginto without firing a shot, then we made another two miles advance, and tired out from the hard day's work we arrived at a stream, we had crossed this (only about two miles from Malolos) and were expecting that a halt would be called and that we would go into camp for the night, when the ball opened up.

I never in all this war encountered such a terrific fire. From the front and from the right and left they poured a heavy fire into our lines. For at least an hour and a half the fight went on before we were reinforced. Then we charged the woods to our right and got rid of that cross-fire. It was at the time we rose to make this charge (Companies E and I being thrown on the flank for the purpose) we were exposed to the fire from the front on our flank. The rest of the regiment was lying down shooting, and when we stood up we were a very good mark and the fire was concentrated upon us. Here in about two minutes Stephens and Arnhurst were killed and three others of the company wounded. This move gave South Dakota room to deploy on our right and Kansas now charged the woods to their left and front, and the battle was over.

Tired out we went to sleep, the line being fixed for the next advance, with Nebraska on the right, then South Dakota, then Pennsylvania, Kansas, Montana, and 3rd Artillery.

In the morning of the 31st Major Bell took a scouting party to within a mile of Malolos without encountering any of the enemy. He made his report to Gen. McArthur, and a general advance was ordered at 2 p. m. We penetrated to

within a mile of Malolos and passed two sets of trenches which the enemy had abandoned. At the second of these trenches we halted for the night. Nebraska was the only regiment to encounter any resistance and it was very slight. At 5 a. m. the 31st Utah and 6th Artillery opened with their big guns on the enemy's trenches. After 15 minutes bombardment Nebraska advanced, after 20 minutes, South Dakota, and at 25 minutes after Pennsylvania started; then at 5 minute intervals regiments started out in the order mentioned: Kansas, Montana, 3rd Artillery, 22nd, 3rd, 13th Minnesota, 4th, 2nd Oregon. Very little resistance was encountered, and at 2 o'clock everything was quiet as the grave and our lines had been advanced a mile beyond Malolos, where we are at present. The 1st and 2nd Brigades are the only ones that have been left here, the 3rd Brigade is garrisoning the towns between Malolos and Manila. All these towns are very similar; Macawan, from all I saw of it, is the most pretentious.

Malolos is a good deal of a disappointment to me, for I thought that Aguinaldo's capital would be worth seeing, which it is not. The town is possibly large enough to have furnished homes for 20,000 people, it is scarcely possible any more could be crowded into it. Streets here (like everywhere else in the island) run to suit themselves, turning in and out, intersecting each other in the most inexplicable manner. The houses are nearly all nipa huts, though there are two or three blocks that remind one of Manila. These houses nearly in every instance belong to the clergy; there are several rather nice churches and a stone convent. The houses (not the nipa huts) are built with stone foundations and above this some kind of wood looking much like our frame houses. Aguinaldo's house was burned before we entered the town, so I do not know what it was like.

The war is on again, we were attacked on the night of April 9th; it lasted about an hour, but did not amount to

much. On the 10th, Minnesota was attacked behind our lines at Guiguinto, and quite a number of insurgents are cornered there and a surrender is expected soon. Gen. Lawton has captured Santa Cruz, the second largest town on the island. We are gradually conquering Luzon.

WILLIAM B. SCHWARTZ, Ex '99,
Corp. Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

I was mustered into the United States service as a private of Light Battery A, Pennsylvania Volunteers, about May 6th, 1898, at Mt. Gretna, Pa. We remained there about a week, and were then ordered to Newport News, Va., remaining there throughout the months of June and July. During our stay at Newport News I was appointed Corporal. From Newport News we were ordered to Puerto Rico, and were landed at Ponce; we camped outside this city until September 1st, '98, when we were ordered back to the United States. After reaching this country we were put on a sixty days leave of absence, and at the expiration of this time mustered out of the army.

RALPH W. SIMONDS, Ex '99,
U. S. Vol. Inf.

Was in Gen. King's brigade at Manila, and was killed during the insurgent attack upon the city.

J. BAIRD, Ex '99,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

W. B. CADWALADER, Ex '99,
First Troop Phila. City Cav.

J. H. COLFELT, Ex '99,
Sergt. Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

F. M. RHODES, Ex '99,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

W. B. ANGLE, '00,
2nd Nav. Bat. N. Y.

In reply to your letter of the 3rd, concerning my enlistment, I will state the facts as nearly correct as I possibly can.

Mustered into the 2nd Navy Battalion, 4th Division of New York Naval Militia about May 23rd, 1898. Mustered into United States service June 11th, 1898, in United States training ship New Hampshire. Was detailed to U. S. S. Enquirer to go to Havana, but which went out of commission before we left New York harbor. Was then detailed to U. S. S. Elfrida, upon which I served as a landsman in the eastern coast patrol, from Key West to Boston, until mustered out August 15th, 1898.

W. BROKAW BAMFORD, '00,
Sergt. 1st U. S. Vol. Eng.

On July 11th I enlisted in Philadelphia in the First U. S. V. Engineers, reaching Peekskill, the point of mobilization of the regiment, the same day, and was assigned to Company M temporarily. On July 25th I was mustered in as a second-class private in Company L. On July 29th I was appointed a Corporal, to date from the 25th. August 5th we received the long looked for orders to break camp and immediately board the transport "Chester" for Porto Rico, which we did the following day. Owing to defective machinery we did not get out of New York harbor until 1:30 a. m. August 10th, and reached Ponce, Porto Rico, August 15th.

I may say that the transport service of the United States and the Miles beef served to the soldiers have become too well known for me to make any mention of them further than to say that we received our share of them. One of our "well informed upon every subject men" stated that the reason

that the 600 mules on board were put as second-class passengers and the 1,500 men as steerage, was because the Government paid \$25 each for the mules, while they got the men for the asking. It is presumed that this information was not obtained from the War Department.

We landed the next day after our arrival at Ponce, and pitched our camp near the Playa, but soon changed for a higher and better one near the city. While here we did various work, such as surveying for sewers, water works, fixing ice plant, &c. On August 23rd I was appointed Company Clerk, which position I held, in addition to my other duties, until discharged.

The Third Battalion received orders on August 31st to move to Guanica to build a fort and road to it. When the battalion left for the States on November 11th, the fort had been finished, and a road up the hill 455 feet high had been built to it, as well as many minor things accomplished. In September I was appointed acting Sergeant, and on October 10th I received my discharge from the Secretary of War in order that I might re-enter the University, which I did the day after I landed, October 16th.

While in Porto Rico I had a very fair opportunity to see a little of the country, and also of the people, and I was very favorably impressed with what I saw. We must not forget that for 400 years the island has been under Spanish rule, and that the chance for internal improvement has been very small. The people are very intelligent, and seem very ready and willing to learn. We had working under us some 150 natives, and I was surprised at the amount of work one would do and at the spirit with which he would do it. Another thing which surprised me very much was the cleanliness of the people. I had been lead to believe that the reverse was true. It was the rule and not the exception for our natives to come to work every morning in clean white shirts and clean blue overalls. I may say that I never had

such washing done as I had down there. Chemicals are unknown, and the dirt is removed in the primitive way—beating with a paddle.

The natives I have been talking of are those of the rural districts and small towns, with the nearest town of any size, Ponce, twenty miles away. I am not prepared to make such broad assertions for the townspeople.

I feel that we will have in Porto Rico a worthy colony, and am highly satisfied with my impressions of the country.

RALPH POLK BUELL, '00,
Corp. 1st Dist. Col. Vol. Inf.

Enlisted May 10th as private in the 1st District of Columbia Volunteer Infantry. Went to Camp Thomas on May 24th, and then to Tampa on June 4th. Here they remained about a month, the most exciting event of this period being the stampede of several hundreds of wild government mules, which caused the regiment to take to the trees for safety.

They embarked for Cuba on July 2d, on the Catania, and landed at Siboney on July 9th. The regiment reached the trenches in front of Santiago on July 11th. A permanent camp was established on San Juan heights on July 15th, where they remained until they sailed for this country, on August 19th. Montauk Point was reached on August 27th.

The regiment was mustered out of service on September 8th, and reached home the next day, where they were royally welcomed.

HARRY R. LATHROPE, '00,
Sgt.-Maj. 13th Pa. Vol. Inf.

He was mustered in as Sergeant-Major of the regiment May 13th, 1898. Ordered to and reached Camp Alger, Va., May 20th, 1898. Ordered to and reached Camp Meade, Pa., September 1st, 1898. Mustered out of service September 20th, 1898.

C. B. FINLEY, '00,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

W. C. McKEE, '00,
2nd Lt. 3rd Pa. Vol. Inf. and Brigade Quartermaster.

April 27th. Responded to call of Governor Hastings for mobilization of N. G. P., at Mt. Gretna, Pa.

May 11th. Mustered into the service of the United States as a Sergeant of Company D, Fifth Reg. Pa. Vol. Inf.

May 17th. Removed to Camp George H. Thomas, Chickamauga, Georgia.

July 31st. Promoted to be Second Lieutenant.

August 22nd. Detailed as Acting Brigade Quartermaster on the staff of Brigadier-General Wiley, 1st Brig. 3rd Div. 1st Army Corps.

August 23rd. Removed to Camp Hamilton, Lexington, Ky.

November 7th. Mustered out of United States service.

STEPHEN F. VOORHEES, '00,
First U. S. Vol. Eng.

I enlisted in the First Volunteer Engineers, June 22nd, at Philadelphia. On the 27th I was mustered in with Company B, at Camp Townsend, Peekskill, N. Y., where the whole regiment was organized and drilled until the 1st of August.

We left New York Harbor on the 7th of August and went direct to Ponce, Porto Rico, arriving two days after the Protocol was signed.

The regiment was engaged in engineering and infantry duty on the island for three months. Company B, to which I belonged, was detailed on the military road between Coamo and Aibonito repairing a brick arch culvert.

The regiment returned to New York on the transport Minnewaska, November 25th. We were taken to the Eighth

Regiment Armory, and given a two months' furlough, and at the end of which we were mustered out.

Most of the time in Porto Rico I served as company cook, and about the 1st of November was appointed Corporal and company cook.

P. WITHERSPOON, '00,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

JOHN LESESNE DEWITT, EX '00,
Second Lieut. 20th U. S. Inf.

Was appointed Second Lieutenant, U. S. A., on October 10th, 1898, and assigned to Company A, 20th Infantry, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he remained until January 15th, 1899, when he started with his regiment for the Philippine Islands. They arrived February 25th, went immediately to the front, and have been participants in most of the battles with the insurgents.

JOHN P. JACKSON, EX '00,
U. S. S. Columbia.

When the Naval Academy broke up May 28th last, I went to Washington and applied for sea duty. I was ordered to the U. S. S. Columbia, and reported on board at the Brooklyn Navy Yard June 4th. We went to sea on June 19th, and were on patrol duty between Block Island and the Delaware Breakwater for about a week.

We were then ordered to proceed to Key West, and after coaling there, were sent to join the fleet off Santiago. We arrived a few days after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, but were present at the surrender of the city. After that event we were sent on the expedition to Porto Rico, and were engaged there during the rest of the war. When the war was over we came north, arriving at the League Island Navy Yard, August 28th.

WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, '00,
Eighteenth Pa. Vol. Inf.

I enlisted in the Eighteenth United States Volunteers of Pennsylvania Infantry on April 27th, 1898, and was mustered out of the United States service October 22d, 1898.

We were at Mt. Gretna, Pa., until June 17th, when we were moved to Battery Point, at the mouth of the Delaware river.

R. RAND, EX '00,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

JAMES B. SANSOM, EX '00,
Fifth Pa. Vol. Inf.

I enlisted or was mustered in at Mt. Gretna on May 11th, and moved to Chickamauga Park on May 21st, remaining there until about August 30th, thence we went to Lexington and were sent home on September 18th, and were mustered out at home on November 9th.

I was in Co. F, Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

ORA F. GARDNER, '01,
Corp. 52d Ia. Vol. Inf.

I left Princeton about the first of May, 1898, in response to a telegram from my old Captain in the Iowa National Guard. He was then with the 52d Iowa Volunteer Infantry at Des Moines, Ia., where I joined him.

We expected to start at once for Manila, as it was originally the intention to send the 52d to that place. Later on the 50th were ordered out there, and in the latter part of May we were sent south, and went into camp at Chickamauga.

There were 60,000 men at Camp Thomas, and for three long and dreary months we drilled and hoped every day to receive orders to go to the front, either in Cuba or Porto Rico, we cared not which. The coveted orders came at last; we

raised a general jubilee, and were just about to go aboard the train, when news came that peace negotiations had been entered upon, and that we should await further orders. Our next orders were to go home, and on the 30th day of October we were mustered out of service.

We had not seen a battlefield, nor smelt of powder, but many a man did not answer to his name at our last roll call, for fever had done its work. Fine, manly fellows who had gone out to fight, were called to lay down their lives, with none of the glory of battle or of foreign fields about them.

I enlisted as a private. On July 1st I was appointed Corporal by Colonel Humphrey. I was sick at Camp Thomas for two months with typhoid fever. Was mustered out with the regiment, and returned to Princeton immediately afterwards.

I have no cause for regret for the summer's experience.

F. FRASER REICHNER, EX '01,
Battery A, Pa. Vol. Art.

I enlisted in Battery A, National Guard of Pennsylvania, April 23d, at Mt. Gretna, Pa.

We were mustered into the United States service on May 6th, '98, then becoming Light Battery A, United States Volunteers. After a further stay of six days at Mt. Gretna, we left for Newport News, Va.

We were ordered to do guard duty in the shipyards there. We left for Puerto Rico August 6th, '98, on transport *Manitoba*. We were encamped first in the Port of Ponce; later in the country just outside the town of Ponce. We were ordered home on September 10th, '98, on transport *Mississippi*. Received a furlough in Philadelphia for sixty days and received an honorable discharge on November 19th, 1898.

I enlisted as a private at Mt. Gretna.

DEAN TILFORD, EX '01,

Second Lieut. U. S. A.

I enlisted July 23d at Camp Alger, Va., in Troop C, New York Volunteer Cavalry, Capt. Bertram Clayton commanding. Troop C was known as the "Brooklyn" troop, it having been reviewed in that city.

The day I enlisted we received orders to go to Porto Rico, and five days later we sailed on the transport Massachusetts, and on August 4th, disembarked at Playa de Ponce.

We were at once ordered to the front and were brigaded with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and Third Wisconsin Infantry, under the command of General Ernst, and in General Wilson's division. Troop C, in conjunction with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and Third Wisconsin took the town of Coamo. After the Spaniards were driven out of Coamo they retreated towards San Juan. Troop C was ordered in advance of the main American column to fall upon the rear of the Spanish army. After following them for some miles our advance was checked by the artillery fire of the enemy.

Next day we were pushed forward as skirmishers (dismounted) and in that capacity participated in the skirmish at Aibonito Pass.

Truce being declared we were split up into small parties and patrolled the country around the towns of Coamo, San Isabel and Juan Diaz; our presence being required by the maltreatment of Spanish planters by the native Porto Ricans.

Troop C was ordered home August 28th, sailing on Transport Mississippi, and landing in the United States September 8th.

We were mustered out of the United States service on September 25th, '98.

* RUFUS C. ELDER, '74,

Lieut.-Col. 5th Pa. Vol. Inf.

In service at Chickamauga during the year.

* WALLACE NEFF, M. D., '74,

Maj. and Brig. Surg. U. S. V.

The President appointed me a Major and Brigade Surgeon of U. S. Volunteers. When I received my commission I hurriedly made my preparations for departure, expecting daily to receive orders to go to Cuba, or at any rate to be enlisted for the consolation prize at Porto Rico.

Like thousands and thousands of others, I was doomed to disappointment, and you can imagine my chagrin when my orders came to go to Fort McPherson, Georgia. As it turned out later, however, this was a most fortunate thing for me.

Fort McPherson is four miles from Atlanta, and is one of the largest military posts in the country.

It was necessary suddenly to convert a post hospital of twenty beds, with an average of four or five patients, into a general hospital of one thousand beds, and an average of seven to eight hundred patients. The same condition of "unpreparedness" existed here as elsewhere. So you can imagine the magnitude of the task. In a short time, however, we had a well-equipped hospital, using one hundred and ten tents, in addition to the large and substantial barracks.

Our corps averaged fifteen surgeons, one hundred and fifty hospital corps men, and eighty female trained nurses. Up to the 31st of last December we treated 3262 sick and wounded and had 95 deaths, a mortality a fraction less than 3 per cent. Some of these men were dead when they were taken off the trains; others died within thirty-six hours. They are charged to our mortality record, although we did not have a chance to do much for them.

* Received too late for insertion in proper order.

We had 284 gunshot wounds and only one death. This case was a man whose arm had been amputated in Cuba, who had an infected stump, and who died of septicaemia a few days after his arrival. There were 1211 cases of typhoid fever and 84 deaths, a mortality a fraction less than 7 per cent. A wonderfully low rate considering the condition the men were in and the many complications.

There were 917 cases of malaria and 3 deaths. We had a variety of other diseases, but I will not bore you with further statistics. Our mortality record includes one surgeon and several hospital corps men. Many others, and a number of the trained nurses were seriously ill, but all recovered. The excellent results obtained at Fort McPherson were due to the indefatigable efforts of the surgeons, the faithful work of the hospital corps and to the zeal, devotion and untiring energy of the female trained nurses.

We had the best of supplies, milk, etc.; a diet kitchen in each hospital presided over by a trained nurse. Every variety of liquid, semi-liquid, solid and semi-solid food was prepared that could be found in any well-conducted civil hospital.

There has been so much adverse and unjust criticism of the Army—the Medical Department coming in for its full share—that I am always glad of an opportunity to say something concerning our military hospital, of which I can speak with some knowledge and authority. I have therefore burdened you with more details than I had intended.

I have been often asked if there were many complaints on the part of the soldiers. The only complaints I heard were from convalescent typhoid patients, whose diet was being purposely regulated and restricted. When it was explained to them that this was done to prevent relapse, perforation and death they had nothing more to say. We hear a great deal of heroic deeds on the battlefield, and justly admire, praise and rejoice in the reward of those who have per-

formed gallant services under fire, but the hardest battles were fought and the greatest victories won in the hospitals; moral as well as physical courage being shown in its perfection. They faced death as bravely in their weakened condition as many of them had in the full vigor of health, when storming the Spanish intrenchments at El Caney and San Juan, and yet without the stimulus and excitement of battle. There was never a whimper nor a murmur; but to a close observer it was plain to see that the word that was uppermost in every mind, that quickened the impulse of every feeble heart, that was struggling for utterance upon every quivering lip, but which was nevertheless suppressed, was that sweetest, dearest word in all our language: Home. I can assure you that no surgeon could have had such patients under his care without having a higher respect than ever before for American courage and American manhood.

Later in the fall, when few new cases came to us and most of our patients were convalescent, I began to think that it was time for me to apply for the Philippines, or, as the war was over, to retire to private life. The dull monotony was suddenly relieved, however, by the development of a surgical case which required special attention on my part. It was a case of appendicitis, one of those fulminating cases which go like wildfire from bad to worse, and where the promptest and best surgical skill is often of little avail. I was especially interested in this case, as it happened to be my appendix. Thanks to a most skillful operation, and to the devoted attention of the surgeons and trained nurses, I recovered, although I had as close a call as one could have to get well.

When convalescent I was given a sick leave, at the expiration of which I resigned in January last, as I was not in a condition to be of much service. This ended my career in the army, and I had the unique experience for a surgeon of having been at both ends of the knife, and of illustrating in

my own person what modern, aseptic, up-to-date surgery can accomplish. I brought back with me a scar, which, unfortunately, I did not receive on the firing-line, but which will nevertheless be a life-long reminder of the very humble part that I took in the Spanish-American War.

* ANDREW BANKS, '89,
Corp. 10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

* CHARLES M. JAMISON, '91,
10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

* THOMAS BARCLAY, '92,
10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

* RICHARD COULTER, JR., '92,
Lieut. 10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

* MORRISON BARCLAY, EX '92,
10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

* THOMAS S. CRAGO, '93,
Capt. 10th Pa. Vol. Inf.

* NOTE—Received too late for insertion in proper order.

APPENDIX.

NATIONAL RELIEF COMMISSION.

Alexander Van Rensselaer, '71, and L. C. Vanuxem, '79, were two of the four special commissioners representing the National Relief Commission to visit Porto Rico in August, 1898. The object of this mission was to distribute seventy (70) tons of food and medical supplies among our army and navy stationed there; to inquire into the needs of the soldiers and sailors; and to arrange for the establishment of a depot for supplies to be shipped by the National Relief Commission to Porto Rico.

The sea voyage was made in the yacht "May," owned and equipped by Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who generously placed their yacht at the disposal of said commission for this relief work. Acting under the advice of Surgeon General Sternberg, who stated it would be most acceptable, three of the commissioners, Messrs. Potter, Van Rensselaer and Vanuxem purchased an ice making machine and presented it to the United States Government for the use of the army in Porto Rico. Colonel Greenleaf, chief surgeon of our army in Porto Rico, wrote in relation to this gift as follows: "I cannot adequately express the satisfaction with which the results of this donation will be received by the sick. Ice in this country is an expensive luxury, costing \$30 a ton, Porto Rican money, which necessitates the exercise of rigid economy on the part of the medical officers in its use. To have the output of such a machine at our disposal and be enabled to use it liberally, is a blessing the benefits of which can be appreciated only by those who have served in the hospitals."

The commissioners' arrival at Ponce was opportune, as

the lack of tug boats and lighters at this port had rendered it impossible to speedily unload the supply laden government transports which filled the harbor, while the "May's" launch and boats quickly handled its cargo of seventy tons and within forty-eight hours her relief supplies were to be seen in the hospitals.

General Miles and staff accorded the commissioners a hearty welcome at Port Ponce and cabled the Secretary of War as follows: "Messrs. Potter, Van Rensselaer, Vanuxem and Groff arrived on private yacht "May" with load of supplies, which will greatly contribute to the comfort of the troops, especially the sick and wounded. They also brought a large number of American flags, which have been sent to the different towns and cities, and soon will be waving over the best part of Porto Rico. The action of these patriotic and philanthropic gentlemen and the National Relief Commission, which they represent, is highly appreciated by a grateful army, while the display of our national colors will give great joy to the people."

Under an escort provided by the Commanding General the commissioners travelled over a hundred miles on the island distributing their supplies. They visited the headquarters of Major Generals Wilson and Brooke at Coamo and Guayama respectively and rode with General Wilson behind the American picket lines to within easy view of the Spanish fortifications.

On General Wilson's staff were Major J. McG. Woodbury, Princeton '79, Chief Surgeon and Capt. Hewitt, Princeton '91. Both these officers were complimented by General Wilson for their efficiency and Major Woodbury was recommended by the Commanding General for promotion for his valuable services as Sanitary Inspector of the island.

The Princeton heroes who served as privates in Pennsylvania Battery "A" and the Philadelphia City Troop were given extra grasps of the hand by the two Princeton Commis-

sioners, and A. W. Kelly, '98, was a passenger on the yacht "May's" home voyage along with some fifteen other officers and soldiers on sick leave or detailed to the States on some special duty.

Captain Warburton commanding Battery A, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in which company served some twenty Princetonians, wrote regarding the relief supplies given his command: "The supplies and relief, both commissary and medical, have been dealt out with a liberal hand to Batteries "A" and "C" under my command, and the Sheridan Troop of our State, at a time when a quinine pill looked as large as a "white alley" and food was as scarce as smokeless powder. Your clothing and supplies reached the Pennsylvania troops just at the right time and was more than doubly appreciated in consequence."

The Major and Surgeon of the Sixteenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers wrote: "Your arrival has been the first God-send to our department. You have not only brought luxuries that we would not otherwise have had, but your supplies of necessities have saved many valuable lives. I know that lives have been saved, as well as suffering diminished, by your generous donations."

Naval Surgeon Herndon, on the United States Ship "Columbia," acknowledged the relief supplies furnished by the commission on his requisition in the following letter: "I beg to tender to you the thanks of Captain Sands and my own, for the medical supplies you sent us at Ponce, P. R. On our voyage north we had an unexpected outbreak of typhoid fever among our men. Your presents were freely used by our sick, and contributed greatly to their enjoyment and comfort, and possibly also to the fact that we had no fatal cases."

BATTERY A, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

Previous to the opening of hostilities, when the battery was part of the National Guard, it underwent a complete reorganization. Many of its members were discharged and their places filled by new men, nearly all of whom were college graduates. Barclay H. Warburton was chosen Captain, and many of the other officers were shifted from one position to another. Of the seventy odd men who comprised the new battery, six were Princeton men: Alexander Bodine, Ex-'90; W. Woodburn Potter, '96; Albert Rosengarten, '97; John Baird, Ex-'99; James H. Colfelt, Ex-'99, and F. M. Rhodes, Ex-'99.

Upon the declaration of war, Battery A was the first Pennsylvania organization to be called upon, and was the first to arrive at the State encampment at Mt. Gretna. Here orders were received to recruit to the number of 106 men, and through the influence of John Baird, who had been made a recruiting Corporal, twenty men from Princeton started for the battery, when word came that only 82 would constitute its complement. Several men thus had to be rejected, but the following were retained and mustered into the volunteer service: From '98, A. M. Stewart, James H. Caldwell, Harold P. Smith; from '99, W. B. Schwartz; from '00, R. Rand, Owsley Brown and C. B. Finley.

On May 10th camp was broken and the men were ordered to Newport News, where they were assigned to the duty of guarding the shipyard and battle-ships under construction. In June the battery was put on a war footing, with 173 men. H. P. Smith and W. B. Schwartz were made Corporals, and John Baird a Sergeant. Among the new recruits were the following from Princeton: G. G. Blackmore, '96; Richard E. Dwight, '97; F. B. McNish, '97; A. W. Kelly, '98; Preston Witherspoon, '00; F. F. Reichner, '01.

About July 15th Colfelt was commissioned a Second Lieutenant, and subsequently went to Porto Rico in charge of some dynamite guns. During the first week in August orders came to prepare for embarkation and shortly after the battery was transported to the Port of Ponce, where the ship ran aground, and the troops had to be taken off by smaller craft. After encamping several days near the coast, the men moved inland among the foothills, and Captain Warburton, with a detail of several men, among whom were two or three alumni of Princeton, took a reconnoitering trip through the country, even in sight of the Spanish lines. On August 23d, Kelly returned to this country on Alex. Van Rensselaer's yacht, "May." About this time Richard Dwight was made a Corporal. Battery A was one of the organizations that were drawn up for battle when the news of the protocol was so dramatically announced to General Brooke.

On September 2nd orders came to return to the States, and the transport "Mississippi" brought the battery to New York on September 10th, whence it was sent to Philadelphia on furlough. H. P. Smith died soon after the arrival of the vessel, making the first death among the Princeton men.

In the Peace Jubilee held in Philadelphia on October 27th, Battery A had the post of honor at the head of the parade, acting as General Miles' body-guard. They are now mustered out of service.

INDEX.

A.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Andersson, A. O., ex-'97,	88	Angle, W. B., '97,	108

B.

Babcock, C. E., ex-'91,	28	Blackmore, G. G., '96,	46
Baird, J., ex-'99,	107	Bodine, A. N., ex-'90,	25
Baldwin, S. H., '91,	26	Bowie, R. B., '86,	20
Bamford, W. B., '00,	108	Breckenridge, E. L. D., ex-'98,	99
Banks, A., '89,	119	Brewer, J. R., ex-'99,	100
Barclay, J., '92,	119	Brien, B., ex-'96,	47
Barclay, M., ex-'92,	119	Brooks, R. S., '98,	91
Bell, W. D., '85,	19	Brown, S., '81,	14
Bickham, A. S., '82,	16	Browne, C., '96,	47
Bickham, C. G., '90,	24	Buell, R. P., '00,	110

C.

Cadwalader, T., '95,	44	Colfelt, J. H., ex-'99,	107
Cadwalader, W. B., ex-'99,	107	Comstock, A. E., ex-'98,	98
Caldwell, J. H., Jr., '98,	92	Coulter, R. Jr., '92,	119
Cash, W. S., ex-'91,	28	Coulter, H. W., '96,	47
Cassels, A. F., ex-'97,	89	Crago, T. S., '93,	119
Church, J. R., '88,	22	Crawford, J. H., '96,	48
Coates, B., '98,	93	Curtis, F. G., '97,	54

D.

Dale, J. F., ex-'95,	42	De Witt, W., ex-'98,	99
Devereux, H. K., '80,	14	Drake, W. W., '98,	93
De Witt, C., '60,	5	Duncan, A. B., '80,	14
De Witt, E. T., '98,	93	Dwight, R. E., ex-'97,	89
De Witt, J. L., ex-'00,	112		

E.

Elder, R. C., '74,	116	Evans, F., ex-'98,	99
Emmons, F. W., ex-'97,	89		

F.

Farnum, G. L., '94,	33	Fraser, P. H., '79,	9
Farnum, J. E., '90,	24	Frazer, P., Jr., ex-'96,	53
Field, E., '61,	5	Fulper, W. H., ex-'96,	53
Finley, C. B., '00,	111	Fulton, A. C., '97,	90
Finney, J. M. T., '84,	18		

G.

Gardner, O. F., '01,	113	Greene, R. H., ex-'96,	53
Godfrey, H. S., ex-'95,	43	Gunster, W. E., '94,	33
Gray, M., '96,	48		

H.

Haines, W. J., '96,	49	Hewitt, E., '91,	27
Hall, H., '98,	94	Hitzrot, J. M., '98,	94
Harris, H. S., '97,	97	Hoes, R. P., '71,	8
Harts, W. W., ex-'88,	23	Howland, R., ex-'98,	99
Hatton, R., ex-'94,	36	Hughes, J. R., '98,	94
Hays, C. E., '86,	21	Hunter, C. H., ex-'78,	9
Hench, R. W., '98,	94	Huston, P. G., '95,	38

J.

Jackson, J. P., ex-'00,	112	Jenney, A. D., '94,	33
Jamison, C. M., '91,	119	Johnson, R. W., '76,	8
Jamison, R. H., ex-'98,	99	Johnson, W. V., ex-'92,	29

K.

Kellogg, F. L., ex-'94,	37	Kent, E. B., ex-'97,	97
Kelly, A. W., '98,	95		

L.

Lane, F. A., '97,	55	Lewis, C. B., '95,	38
Lane, W. P., '72,	8	Lord, F. H., '79,	10
Lathrope, H. R., '00,	110	Lord, J. W., '95,	39
Leonard, B. H., '98,	95	Loving, P., ex-'96,	53

M.

McDermott, H., '98,	97	Mittendorf, W. E. K., ex-'97,	91
McKee, W. C., '00,	111	Montalvo, E. de, '97,	58
McNish, F. B., '97,	58	Morse, F. B., ex-'95,	43
McWilliams, C. A., '92,	29	Munn, E., '95,	39
Mitchell, W. G., '96,	49	Murray, J. A., '94,	34

N.

Neff, W., '74,	116	Northrup, J. H., '99,	100
Nixon, C., '95,	40		

P.

Page, H. Jr., '91,	27	Poe, S. J., '84,	18
Palmer, J. B., '93,	30	Portser, R. K., '94,	34
Parsons, W. B., '96,	50	Potter, D., '96,	50
Pierson, T. H., '95,	41	Potter, W. W., '96,	51
Poe, J. P., Jr., ex-'95,	44		

R.

Rafferty, O., '82,	17	Ricketts, B. W., ex-'89	24
Rafferty, W. A., '61,	7	Ridgway, T., ex-'94,	37
Rand, R., ex-'00,	113	Riggs, C. L., '87,	22
Reichner, F. F., ex-'01,	114	Riggs, F. G., '94,	35
Rhodes, F. M., ex-'99,	108	Riggs, H. G., '94,	35
Rhodes, J. M., '97,	77	Righter, J. C., Jr., '96,	51
Richards, C. G., '97,	77	Rosengarten, A., '97,	77

S.

Sansom, J. B., ex-'00,	113	Skillman, T. J., '98,	97
Schaff, A. E., ex-'96,	54	Slidell, T., ex-'95,	44
Schwartz, W. B., ex-'99,	107	Smith, J. C., ex-'89,	24
Scott, W. M., '98,	97	Smith, I. B., ex-'90,	25
Seymour, W. A., '97,	78	Smith, C. H., ex-'85,	20
Shaw, F. V. V., '97,	80	Smith, H. P., '98,	98
Shearer, L. H., '97,	86	Stahl, N. F., '69,	7
Shields, G. H., '91,	27	Stewart, A. M., '98,	98
Shober, R. K., '90,	24	Stites, T. H. A., '96,	51
Silvey, W. W., ex-'97,	91	Stockton, R., ex-'95,	44
Simonds, R. W., ex-'99,	107		

T.

Thompson, W. H., '00,	113	Thorp, H. H., '85,	20
Thorp, E. Y., ex-'93,	32	Tilford, D., ex-'01,	115

V.

Van Rensselaer, A., '71,	120	Voorhees, S. F., '00,	111
Vanuxem, L. C., '79,	120	Vredenburg, P., '92,	29
Voorhees, J. S., '81,	15		

W.

Walker, P. G., '95,	41	Witherspoon, P., '00,	112
Warren, G. S., ex-'95,	45	Woodbury, J. M., '79,	11
Wetzell, E. F., ex-'98,	100	Woodhull, A. A., '56,	5
Williams, R. M., ex-'96,	54		

Z.

Zabriskie, F. N., '95,	42
--------------------------------	----



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